

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1901.

THACKERAY IN THE UNITED STATES.¹

BY GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON.

I.

THE FIRST VISIT (NOVEMBER 1852—APRIL 1853).

We all want to know details regarding the men who have achieved famous feats, whether of war, or wit, or eloquence, or endurance, or knowledge. . . . We want to see this man—Thomas Hood—who has amused and charmed us: who has been our friend, and given us hours of pleasant companionship and kindly thought.—THACKERAY, in an American lady's album.

In the spring of 1852 Thackeray decided to visit the United States, with a view to delivering the course of lectures on the 'English Humourists' first given in London and frequently repeated in other cities of Great Britain during the previous twelve months. 'I must and will go,' he wrote to his eldest daughter, 'not because I like it, but because it is right I should secure some money against my death for your mother and you two girls. And I think, if I have luck, I may secure nearly a third of the sum that I think I ought to leave behind me by a six months' tour in the States.'

Among the many Thackeray manuscripts in the collection of Major William H. Lambert, of Philadelphia, is the following amusing invitation to attend the first lecture on the 'English Humourists,' in Willis's Rooms, London, May, 22, 1851. It is without date, and hitherto unpublished. The characteristic note was sent by Thackeray to his artist friend, described in writing to

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Mrs. Procter as 'My dear old Dicky Doyle,' who attended the lecture, with a host of the author's admirers, including Carlyle, Hallam, Lord Houghton, Mrs. Kemble, Kinglake, Macaulay, and Milman. It is addressed to 'Richard Doyle, Esq., 17 Cambridge Terrace:'

'My dear D.—I hope you will come to the tight-rope Exhibition to-morrow, and send you a card. You and your friend will please to sit in distant parts of the room.

'When you see me put my hand to my watch-chain, you will say, "God bless my soul, how beautiful!"

'When I touch my neckcloth, clap with all your might.

'When I use my pocket handkerchief, burst into tears.

'When I pause, say Brav-ah-ah-ah-vo, through the pause.

'You had best bring with you a very noisy umbrella: to be used at proper intervals: and if you can't cry at the pathetic parts, please blow your nose very hard.

'And now, everything having been done to ensure success that mortal can do, the issue is left to the immortal Gods.

'God save the Queen. No money returned. Babies in arms NOT admitted.

'By yours ever,

'W. M. T.'

Accompanied by his secretary, Eyre Crowe, a young English artist, Thackeray sailed for Boston, October 30, in the steamer *Canada*. Just as she was casting off her lines a package was placed aboard the Cunarder containing letters from his publishers and the first copies of 'Henry Esmond.' Among his fellow-passengers were James Russell Lowell, fresh from Italy, and Arthur Hugh Clough, who as a youth had spent several years in the United States. The voyage was a rough one, and in one of his letters the Oxford scholar mentions that the great writer was a poor sailor, also that he had been chatting with 'Titmarsh' when confined to his berth. On the occasion of the usual entertainment during the last evening aboard the *Canada*, after leaving Halifax, Thackeray's health was proposed, and he responded in an amusing and appropriate manner; then Lowell's, who concluded by proposing the health of Clough, the English poet.

The steamer arrived at her Boston dock at sunset, and an hour later Thackeray, with Clough and his secretary, was enjoying his first American dinner at the Tremont House. Among the earliest to welcome him the next morning was William H.



Water-colour Valentine sent to Sir Henry Cole by W. M. Thackeray

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Prescott, with whom he dined on the following day, and to whom he became greatly attached. In one of his first letters from Boston, Thackeray writes: 'Mr. Prescott the historian is delightful. . . . It's like the society of a rich cathedral-town in England—grave and decorous, and very pleasant and well-read.' A friend met Thackeray in Beacon Street with the three volumes of 'Henry Esmond' tucked under his arm. 'Here is the very best I can do,' he said, 'and I am carrying it to Prescott as a reward of merit for having given me my first dinner in America. I stand by this book, and am willing to leave it where I go as my card.'

Thackeray arrived in New York from Boston on November 16, reading on his way the 'Shabby Genteel Story' of a dozen years before, which he purchased on the train from 'a rosy-cheeked little peripatetic book-merchant,' who accosted him with 'Thackeray's works!' quite unaware that he was standing before the great author himself. His first visitor at the Clarendon Hotel, on the evening of his arrival, was George Bancroft, who surprised him with the statement that in May 1822 he had carried complimentary messages from Goethe at Weimar to Lord Byron at Pisa. As a memorial of the young American's visit a copy of 'Don Juan,' which he received from its author at that time, may be seen in the Lenox Library, with the inscription, 'Mr. George Bancroft, from Noel Byron.' Two subsequent evenings were spent by Thackeray in witnessing Home's spirit-rapping manifestations at Bancroft's house, and in listening to an address delivered by the historian before the New York Historical Society.

Among the audience of about twelve hundred that filled every seat in Dr. Chapin's Universalist church, on the east side of Broadway, a little below Prince Street, on Friday evening, November 19, 1852, were an unusual number of literary, artistic, and professional celebrities. Besides an imposing array of society leaders, the writer recalls Bancroft and Bryant, Halleck and Irving, O'Connor and Verplanck, President King and Professor Morse, with the editors Greeley, Morris, Webb, and Willis. Thackeray appeared in the pulpit promptly at eight o'clock, and was cordially welcomed by the sympathetic audience. He seemed 'a very castle of a man,' as Irving said of Fenimore Cooper. His breadth of shoulders was quite in keeping with his six feet three inches. He was in his forty-second year, but his silvered hair and

gold spectacles gave him the appearance of a person past fifty. His subject was Swift. His exceedingly fine presence, combined with his charm of manner and the melody of his rich tenor voice, created a most favourable impression. Never rising into the declamatory, the lecturer read with a quiet graceful ease, few notes above the conversational level. He occupied about an hour, but with at least one youthful listener there was no sense of the lapse of time. It was 'a happy hour too swiftly sped.' Many years later, in comparing the readings of Thackeray and Dickens, George William Curtis remarked: 'The style of "Boz" was that of the perfectly trained actor; of "Titmarsh," that of the accomplished gentleman amateur.'

On Monday evening, December 6, at the conclusion of his sixth lecture, on Goldsmith and Sterne, Thackeray made a brief address, which was received with great applause, and the Rev. Samuel Osgood, who presided, remarked: 'It is not usually deemed proper to tell tales out of school, but a friend of mine informed me this morning that Mr. Thackeray said he only found Englishmen here. I beg leave to say that in Mr. Thackeray we have discovered a genuine Yankee.' The course was repeated during December, as the Church of the Messiah was not sufficiently large to contain much more than half the persons who desired to subscribe for the first course. Thackeray also lectured in Brooklyn; and before his return to Boston, as the fruit of the 'English Humourists,' he deposited five thousand dollars with his New York bankers.

Soon after Thackeray's arrival in New York about two score friends and admirers among the leading literary and social celebrities of the city gave him a delightful dinner at Delmonico's. Washington Irving was invited to preside; but, remembering his unfortunate *fiasco* at the Dickens entertainment—when, as chairman, he began well enough in welcoming the distinguished guest of the evening, uttered a few sentences, and then broke down completely, dropping back in his chair after announcing the toast—he declined the invitation of the committee, consisting of Bryant, Davis, Halleck, Jay, King, and Verplanck, unless speeches and reporters were absolutely forbidden. According to the recollection of George William Curtis, the last survivor of the dinner-party, 'the conditions were faithfully observed; but it was the most extraordinary instance of American self-command on record. Irving's cheery anecdote and gaiety, the songs and

banter of the company, the happy chat and sparkling wit, took the place of eloquence, and I recall no dinner more delightful.'

Thomas Hicks, the artist, remembered an evening at his studio when Thackeray read to a small circle, including Kensett, Curtis, and Daly, Hood's familiar lines 'One More Unfortunate,' and on the same occasion, after speaking of Fielding, repeated Gibbon's grand panegyric on the author of 'Tom Jones:'

Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburg. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England, but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the imperial eagle of Austria.

Before the company dispersed, at a late hour, Thackeray sang several songs. Curtis followed with 'The Erl King,' 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' and 'Good Night to Julia.' A little incident of his Southern tour, as told that evening by Thackeray, still lives in the memory of one who was present. He said: 'I was introduced to a tall Kentuckian who, after a short conversation, remarked, "I've been in your country, Mr. Thackeray. It was very well in the daytime, but I never went out at night." "And pray, why not?" I inquired. "Well, it was so small I was afraid I would fall off."' Two other remembered incidents of that evening as told by Thackeray may be worth mentioning. At his first American breakfast in Boston he ordered boiled eggs. Among the array of things placed before him he saw a goblet filled with something that he failed to recognise, and also missed the eggs. In answer to his inquiry for them, the servant said, 'That's them in the glass.' 'Well, but where are the shells?' asked Thackeray. Promptly came the reply from Pat: 'You didn't ask for shells, sir.' The other short story is more familiar. Wishing to see a specimen of the red-shirted Bowery boy and volunteer fireman of that period, of whom he had heard much both before and after his arrival in the States, he made his way to that broad thoroughfare, and soon saw one of the species seated on a hydrant. Approaching him, he politely said, 'Please, sir, I want to go to Brooklyn.' 'Well,' answered the Bowery boy, 'why the h— don't you go?'

Charles Augustus Davis, the accomplished New York merchant, was among Thackeray's intimate friends. In a note now before the writer, addressed to Fitz-Greene Halleck, Mr. Davis, in inviting the poet to dinner, says: 'Thackeray had an engage-

Whitefiars London.

No. 111



Printed in the London of the year 1811, and is a copy of the original of the Lord's Prayer, as it was printed in the year 1811.



MICROSCOPIC PENMANSHIP.

W. M. Thackeray : The Lord's Prayer in a circle made from a threepenny piece.

John Leech : Horses and figures.

Mark Lemon : Two lines from *Punch*.

ment for Monday, but cancelled it for the pleasure of meeting you, and requested that he might have a seat next to you or directly opposite.¹

President Felton, of Harvard, who met the English author on that evening, said of the brilliant literary society which then made New York so attractive a city: 'Halleck, Bryant, Washington Irving, Charles A. Davis, and others scarce less attractive by their genius, wit, and social graces, constituted a circle not to be surpassed anywhere in the world.' Alfred Pell was another of Thackeray's New York friends who frequently entertained him on his two visits. At one of Pell's delightful dinners he heard Whipple's story of Emerson and the New Englanders, with which Thackeray was so much amused that he repeated it in London to Carlyle. 'The train, as usual,' says Whipple, 'stopped at Concord. Then one of the two silent Yankees in the seat ahead turned to the other and lazily remarked, "Mr. Emerson, I hear, lives in this town." "Ye-as," was the drawling rejoinder, "and I understand that, in spite of his odd notions, he's a man of con-sid-er-a-ble propiety."'

While in New York, to oblige 'the good Baxters' and other friends, Thackeray delivered, in the Church of the Messiah, for the benefit of a ladies' society for the employment of the poor, an attractive afternoon discourse on 'Charity and Humour,' by which he added above a thousand dollars to the society's exchequer. The address was subsequently repeated in London on behalf of the families of Angus B. Reach and Douglas Jerrold. For the latter fund it was delivered on July 22, 1857, the day after the declaration of the result in the Oxford election, at which Thackeray was a candidate for Parliament and was defeated by Mr. Cardwell. The 'Times,' in its report of the address, says: 'The opening words of the discourse, uttered with a comic solemnity of which Mr. Thackeray alone is capable, ran thus: "Walking yesterday in the High Street of a certain ancient city"—so began the lecturer, and was interrupted by a storm of laughter that deferred for some

¹ Charles Dickens was also an admirer of Halleck. To the author of this article he wrote in January, 1868: 'I thank you cordially for your considerate kindness in sending me the enclosed note,' from Halleck to Mrs. Rush, of Philadelphia, describing the Dickens dinner at the City Hotel, New York, in 1842. 'I have read it with the greatest interest, and have always retained a delightful recollection of its amiable and accomplished writer. I too had hoped to see *him*! My dear Irving being dead, there was scarcely any one in America whom I so looked forward to seeing again as our old friend often thought of.'

moments the completion of the sentence.' This address, written in the Clarendon Hotel, was, in a measure, a supplement to the 'English Humourists,' for he compared the eighteenth-century literature with the writings of his contemporaries. He availed himself of the opportunity to speak of Dickens in terms of generous praise.

During his month's sojourn in New York, Thackeray renewed his pleasant acquaintance with William H. Appleton. They had spent many happy hours together as young men in Paris in the thirties, when the latter was making his first visit as a publisher to the French capital, and the former was following a Trilbyesque artistic career in the gay city. They often dined together at Terré's, in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, where the course included a bowl of bouillabaisse, celebrated by Thackeray in his beautiful and familiar ballad. At the time of his visit, the Appletons were issuing the skilfully edited series of popular reprints of Thackeray's writings, in twelve red-covered half-dollar volumes, for which he wrote, at their request, an admirable preface, which appeared signed, and with the date 'New York, December, 1852,' in 'Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town: with the Prose and Other Papers.' The original sheets of this characteristic composition, in the author's dainty manuscript, may be seen in the Lenox Library.

Charles P. Daly, who sat longer on the New York bench than any other jurist of his generation, was among Thackeray's intimate American friends, and, with Mr. Appleton, among the last survivors, both dying during 1899. The judge had a sweet low tenor voice, and sang Irish melodies in a manner that greatly

Mr. Thackeray,

*hopes you'll come and dine with him at Belmont's
on Sunday at 6.*

Judge Daly.

pleased Thackeray when they frequently met on convivial occasions at the Century Club and elsewhere. The novelist was much amused with two Daly incidents, and repeated them at a London dinner on at least one occasion, as the writer learned from a guest who was present. A couple of Irishmen were waiting for

the opening of the Court of Common Pleas, of which Daly later became chief justice. On the occasion in question the judge was not punctual, as not infrequently happened, when at length one of the men exclaimed, 'Och, sure, there comes his Honour at last! Be jabers, Judge De-lay, yer rightly named!' The other incident occurred in London when the judge was first there in 1851. He was presented to the Duke of Wellington, who said, 'You are too young to have reached a high place on the bench.'

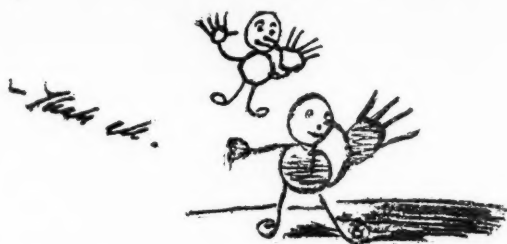
'I owe my position,' replied Daly, 'to one of those accidents of fortune to which your Grace owes so little.'

'I recall my criticism,' said the Iron Duke grimly. 'You are doubtless where you belong.'

An original drawing and a droll little note, both reproduced in this article, were among Judge Daly's treasured memorials of Thackeray, and are now in the possession of a member of his family.

Perhaps there was no place in New York so much liked by Thackeray as the Century Club, in Clinton Place, whither he was first taken by Mr. Appleton. There he sat with an admiring circle, including Curtis and Cozzens and Daly, and smoked and sipped, and sang his 'Little Billee' and 'Larry O'Toole' and 'Dr.

*Mr. Thackeray regrets that
a previous engagement this prevents
him from having the pleasure of
dining with the Literary Club on
Thursday next. In making this
announcement Mr. Thackeray wishes
himself much obliged if the Secretary will*



Luther,' or listened to a sentimental song from Curtis, or a lively Irish air from Judge Daly. The artist Cranch also contributed charming songs, and 'Tom' Hicks convulsed Thackeray with his droll imitations of Webster's oratory. He would draw forth a huge red bandana handkerchief, and, unfolding it with Dutch deliberation, would, after many nose-pullings and trumpet-blasts, proceed with his ponderous sentences. Dr. Kane, the Arctic hero, told the fresh story of his wanderings, and, as Curtis charmingly relates, 'we listened like boys to Sindbad the Sailor, until, rising from the table, and straightening his huge figure, Thackeray towered over the neat small person of Kane, and said to the host who provided the feast: "Do you think the doctor would permit me to kneel down and lick his boots?"'

Among the many literary treasures of Richard Henry Stoddard's library is a manuscript copy of the 'Sorrows of Werther,' written for John R. Thompson, then editor of the 'Southern Literary Messenger,' when Thackeray made his first visit to Richmond almost half a century ago. It is framed with an engraving of Laurence's fine portrait of the novelist, which Mrs. Ritchie calls 'a noble drawing of our father's head by Samuel Laurence to look at while he was away' in the United States in 1852-53. Dr. 'Rab' Brown, a most competent critic, expressed to the writer the opinion that Laurence's later picture of 1864, in which the novelist is represented reading with his book held very near his face, is the best of all the numerous portraits of Thackeray. A replica is in the National Portrait Gallery. When the popular painter went to the United States he took with him a letter of introduction from Thackeray to John Jay, and before his return to England he successfully delineated Washington Irving and many other prominent Americans. A most interesting autograph of the author of 'A Novel without a Hero' was the following

tribute to the Pater Patriæ, written in the album of a lady of South Carolina: 'Washington was the very noblest, purest, bravest, best of God's men,' a quotation from Thackeray's letter to the 'Times,' or, at least, words used in that communication.

To Halleck, at one of their many meetings in New York, Thackeray expressed admiration for the writings of Fenimore Cooper, and a wish that he might have an opportunity of meeting him before returning to England. Some of my readers may remember that in Thackeray's pleasant 'Roundabout Paper' entitled 'On a Peal of Bells,'¹ after praising a number of Sir Walter's immortal characters, he thus writes of several of Cooper's creations: 'Much as I like those unassuming, manly, unpretending gentlemen, I have to own that I think the heroes of another writer, viz. Leather-stocking, Uncas, Hardheart, Tom Coffin, are quite the equals of Scott's men. Perhaps Leather-stocking is better than any in "Scott's lot." La Longue Carabine is one of the great prize men of fiction. He ranks with your Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff—heroic figures all, American or British—and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised them.'

Another of Thackeray's friends was 'Sam' Ward, of New York and Washington, well known on both sides of the Atlantic as an artistic *bon vivant*, who not only could give a charming dinner, but could also cook it. They together enjoyed many *noctes ambrosianæ* in New York. Ward frequently quoted the great author's words: 'Sir, respect your dinner; idolise it; enjoy it properly. You will be, by many hours in the week, many weeks in the year, and many years in your life, the happier if you do.' He was particularly fond of repeating the 'Ballad of Bouillabaisse,' and the writer recalls at least one occasion when Ward supplemented the poem by reading to Halleck and several other friends who were dining with him at the Brevoort, in Fifth Avenue, the delightful description by Thackeray of an ideal Bohemian dinner in Paris, asserting that it was unsurpassed in English literature. 'Before Charon paddles me across the Stygian stream,' said Thackeray to 'Uncle Sam,' 'I should like to write a story that would live for several centuries.' To which Ward promptly and truthfully replied: 'Why, Thackeray, you did that when you presented

¹ For this and others of his inimitable 'Roundabout Papers,' Thackeray was paid by the 'Cornhill Magazine' at the rate of about twelve guineas per printed page, probably the highest price ever received by an author at that time for short articles.



THE HARLEQUIN.

Sketch by W. M. Thackeray.

us with "Henry Esmond." It will live as long as "Don Quixote," or "Tom Jones," or "Ivanhoe." Can you wish for more?' This little incident is suggestive of a passage in 'De Juventute,' where Thackeray writes: 'If the gods would give me the desire of my heart, I should like to be able to write a story which boys would relish for the next few dozen centuries. The boy critic loves the story. Grown up, he loves the author who wrote the story. Hence the kindly tie is established between writer and reader, and lasts pretty nearly for life.'

To a young New York friend Thackeray, who was usually free and lavish in his expenditure and tips, exhibited a whimsical instance of economy by saying, as he returned the visitor's card, which had been sent to his rooms on the third floor of the Clarendon, fronting on Fourth Avenue: 'Better put this in your pocket again; it will serve your purpose for another call.' By a curious coincidence, almost the identical words were used a decade later by William Cullen Bryant as he lifted a card from his editorial table in the office of the 'Evening Post,' and handed it back to the same person who had called, when a youth, on Thackeray at his New York hotel.

While in London Bayard Taylor was taken, on more than one occasion, by Thackeray to the celebrated Covent Garden chop-house and concert-room of which Evans was long the proprietor. It was a popular resort of many famous litterateurs and men of fashion. Serjeant Ballantine pays high tribute to the old place in his pleasant book of reminiscences, and Thackeray often mentioned it to intimate American friends as a place where he had spent many agreeable hours. Evans's successor was one John Green. And this brings me to a little incident.

Seated in the Green Park, near the former residence of the poet Rogers, I once saw a stout gentleman with a jovial rubicund countenance, and an unusual display of colour and gold chain in his attire. The following conversation occurred:

'Will you permit me, sir, to ask in which of those houses Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, resided?'

'Certainly. The one directly opposite. I knew him well, and many of his literary friends. Poor old Sam Rogers! He's been dead nearly twenty years.'

'Then perhaps you were acquainted with Dickens and Thackeray?'

'God bless my soul! I was intimate with both of them for a

score of years. Charlie Dickens and "Old Thack," a couple of fine jolly fellows. But they are gone too.'

'Possibly you knew Thomas Moore, and Douglas Jerrold, and Samuel Warren, and Thomas Hood?'

'Certainly; every mother's son of them, and the little poet was so pleased with my singing of one of his Irish songs that he wrote it out for me. I used to chant "Little Billee," and I have a copy of it which Bill Thackeray gave me. But my singing days are over now.'

Recounting the above conversation that evening at a dinner-table where the author of 'Tom Brown' and other London notabilities were present, I remarked that I was entirely at a loss to imagine who the extraordinary person could be, that, according to his own account, had been on such friendly and intimate terms with the authors mentioned. A roar of laughter followed, and the dozen guests shouted as one man, 'Paddy Green! Paddy Green!' The red-faced gentleman with the enormous gold chain and rings was John Green, an Irishman, successor of Evans as proprietor of the celebrated Covent Garden resort.

Anything new from the pen or pencil of Thackeray is of present interest to the English-speaking world. Among the letters not before published, which are here given, the earliest is dated 'The Clarendon, December 3 [1852],' and is as follows:

'Thank you, my dear Cozzens, for the cheque for one hundred dollars, and Mr. MacAdam for his kindness in speaking about me—and Mrs. Cozzens for her hospitality—and those dear little children for wanting to trot up and see the Gentleman take the Quinine—and this is brought by my messenger who is ordered not to quit your premises until he pays for a box of capital little cigars—for which unless the account be produced instantly I vow I will never smoke any more tobacco of the Sparrowgrass brand. And when you go back to kind jolly little Yonkers, will you—will you (here my feelings overpower me) see if I didn't leave a razor-strop there? I fancy I can't sharpen my razors on any other! and my man will call to-morrow morning in hopes of being put in possession of this treasure. It was the jolliest day I have had for a long, long time—may many more be in store for you and yours always.'

The following letter was addressed during the same month to a Brooklyn boy, Edward Livingstone Welles, who wrote to Thackeray requesting his autograph:

'N. York, Sunday, Dec. 19 [1852].

'My dear Sir,—I have very great pleasure in sending you my signature; and am never more grateful than when I hear honest boys like my books. I remember the time when I was a boy very well; and, now that I have children of my own, love young people all the better; and hope some day that I shall be able to speak to them more directly than hitherto I have done. But by that time you will be a man, and I hope will prosper. . . . And as you are the first American boy who has written to me I thank you and shake you by the hand, & hope Heaven may prosper you. We who write books must remember that among our readers are honest children, and pray the Father of all of us to enable us to see and speak the Truth. Love & Truth are the best of all: pray God that young & old we may try and hold by them.

'I thought to write you only a line this Sunday morning: but you see it is a little sermon. My own children thousands of miles away (it is Sunday night now where they are, and they said their prayers for me whilst I was asleep) will like some day to see your little note and be grateful for the kindness you & others show me. I bid you farewell, and am

'Your faithful servant,

'W. M. THACKERAY.'

From New York Thackeray returned before Christmas to give his lectures in the Melodeon, the great music-hall of Boston, where, as in New York, he had a crowded house and a hearty welcome. His audience included Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Prescott, Ticknor, the Danas, father and son, and other lights of literature. Of the first lecture, on Swift, his friend Fields says: 'I remember his uproarious shouting and dancing when he was told that the tickets to his first course of lectures were all sold; and when we rode together from his hotel to the lecture-hall, he insisted on thrusting both his long legs out of the carriage-window, in deference, as he said, to his magnanimous ticketholders.'

During the delivery of the 'English Humourists' in Boston a friend asked the 'gentle censor of our age,' as Lord Houghton called him, to attend one of George Ticknor's Wednesday evenings, and he accepted with the expectation of meeting Theodore Parker. As they walked together to the Tremont House, the Bostonian said, in response to an inquiry, 'Oh, no; you would never meet

Parker there.' 'Indeed,' retorted Titmarsh, 'I thought Ticknor saw the best society!' All who know anything of the Boston Brahmins of half a century ago will appreciate the jest which was then current, and which is still remembered by the few survivors of those days, one of whom has recently retold the story. This same lady rather surprised the 'gentle giant,' as Longfellow described him, by saying: 'Mr. Thackeray, I feel extremely sorry for you, for it seems that you never knew a good woman who was not a fool, nor a bright one that was not a knave.'

During his several visits to Boston, Thackeray was a familiar and welcome guest in the family of Mr. Ticknor, and exhibited his responsive feeling in many kindly ways. On one occasion, at the close of the year, he invited himself to dine with the Ticknors, and on New Year's Eve came to watch the New Year in by their fireside. On the stroke of twelve o'clock he rose and drank the health of his daughters, and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, 'God bless my girls and all who are kind to them!'

Thackeray was a frequent visitor in the family of Mr. Lothrop, of Boston. 'On one occasion,' writes Mr. Thornton K. Lothrop, at that time in the Harvard Law School, 'there was some talk about marriage, and my sister, then a girl of fifteen, announced that she should never be married. Thackeray said, "Oh, you wait, Miss Mary, until Tompkins comes along, and then you will be married fast enough," and then taking up a sheet of paper, he made a drawing of a cottage with some trees and a hedge, and in the yard a pretty girl standing, who is evidently stage-struck by what she considers an awful London swell, who is walking down the road in front of the house. Not many years afterward, when my sister was very ill, this drawing disappeared, and we always supposed it was stolen.' It may be added that, in accordance with Thackeray's prediction, Tompkins appeared in due course of time.

The memory of one of the many pleasant evenings that Thackeray spent in Boston and Cambridge is preserved by the following invitation from the master of Elmwood:

'Cambridge, 30th December [1852].

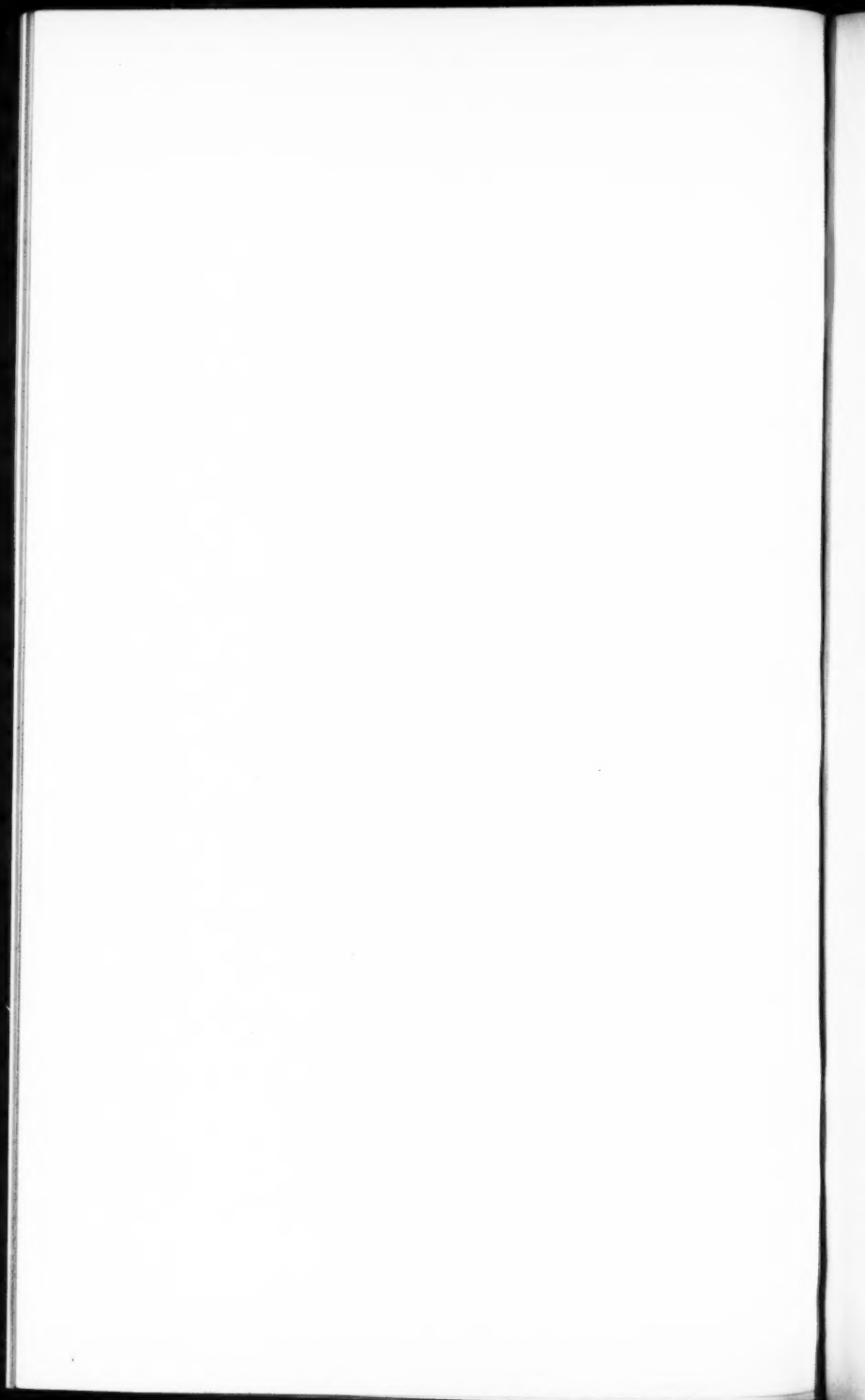
'My dear Sir,—Have you any engagement for Wednesday or Thursday evening of next week? If not, will you give me one of them? Timmins, revolving many things, has decided on a supper, because he can have it under his own roof, and because he can have more people at it. He will ask only *clubable* men,



I recommended you to use the Green water powder, & to have it cast about his
 as she kissed the child, & to have of lunch, & to have a drink to the King & Queen and to do off o

Water-colour Sketch by W. M. Thackeray.

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and such as can't make speeches. You shall either be carried back to Boston or spend the night with us. Crowe survived it.

'Very sincerely yours,

'J. R. LOWELL.'

Of this symposium Richard Henry Dana¹ said in his diary: 'Supped at Lowell's with Thackeray. Present—Longfellow, Felton, Clough, an Englishman, James T. Fields, and Edmund Quincy. We sat down a little after ten, had an excellent supper, and left a little before two o'clock. Walked home with Longfellow. Thackeray is not a great talker. He was interested in all that was said, and put in a pleasant word occasionally. Felton, Lowell, and I did nearly all the talking.' One of the guests, not included in Dana's list, said to the writer: 'It was a famous evening, and Thackeray gave us "Doctor Martin Luther" in fine style.'

Thackeray's lectures were next given in the Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, during January, and he was delighted with the success which attended them. The course was commended by the Quaker City press, although some surprise was expressed at certain peculiarities of pronunciation unfamiliar to American ears. Among the half-dozen letters of introduction which he brought with him was one from Lord Mahon, the historian, later Earl Stanhope, addressed to William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, who became one of the novelist's greatest American admirers. At his home Thackeray was a frequent guest. Later they became correspondents, and when he passed away it was Mr. Reed who, in 1864, printed, for private distribution, a touching tribute to Thackeray's memory, entitled 'Haud Immemor. Thackeray in America.' It was published a few years later in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Another intimate friend was Morton McMichael, editor of the 'North American,' to whom the following letter is addressed:

'Clarendon, New York: Feb. 2, 1853.

'Dear McMichael,—The *portmonnaie* is mine, sure enough. The New York tailor made me a breeches pocket incapable of retention of *portmonnaie*. When shall I learn to keep that receptacle buttoned? Thank you for the paper, but I didn't use the concluding words in Philadelphia which appear in the "North

¹ Author of *Two Years before the Mast*, and a son of the American poet of the same name.

American." I only used them once in New York, and just alluded to the children at home as being thankful for the good done them. One mustn't be always bringing the kids forward. Reed's article is very pleasant reading, and I must make him and Messrs. the Editors my very best bow of acknowledgment. Surely I shall get a chance of seeing you all in Philadelphia ere long. I hope so; and am yours always, dear McMichael,

' W. M. THACKERAY.'

During the novelist's second visit to Philadelphia, nearly three years later, his rooms were at the La Pierre House, and his lectures on the Georges were delivered at Concert Hall. Both places being convenient to Mr. McMichael's residence, it was understood that after the lectures Thackeray should appear there for supper and his favourite punch.

During February the 'English Humourists' were heard in Baltimore, and Thackeray was received by John P. Kennedy, Reverdy Johnson, and other prominent citizens with the usual round of receptions and dinners. In the same month the lectures were given in Washington, followed by 'an interminable succession of balls, parties, banquets at the British Embassy and elsewhere.' Sir John F. T. Crampton, Bart.,¹ was then the English minister, the courtly Fillmore was chief magistrate, and Thackeray was sumptuously entertained by the New York senators, Hamilton Fish and William H. Seward. These, with General Scott and Presidents Fillmore and Pierce, heard one of the lectures in Carusi's Hall. Irving compared the latter officials, much to their own amusement, to 'the two kings of Brentford smelling at one rose.'

From Washington Thackeray writes to William B. Reed early in February 1853: 'The Baltimoreans flocked to the stale old lectures as numerous as you of Philadelphia. Here the audiences are more polite than numerous, but the people who do come are very well pleased with their entertainment. I have had

¹ Crampton subsequently caused serious trouble between his country and the United States by attempting to enlist recruits for the Crimean War, and Secretary Marcy demanded his recall. This was promptly done; but Lord Palmerston characteristically rewarded the erring minister by conferring a K.C.B. and appointing him to another good position. Thackeray, who entertained a strong personal regard for Crampton, was, according to George Ticknor, 'outraged over the matter, and cursed the ministry by all his gods for making him, as he said, their scapegoat.' Crampton so much resembled his father, Sir Philip, that they were generally called 'the twins.'

many dinners. Mr. Everett, Mr. Fish—our minister ever so often—the most hospitable of envoys. I have seen no one at all at Baltimore, for it is impossible to *do* the two towns together; and from this I go to Richmond and Charleston, not to New Orleans, which is too far; and I hope you will make out your visit to Washington, and that we shall make out a meeting more satisfactory than that dinner at New York which did not come off. The combination failed which I wanted to bring about. Have you heard Miss Furness of Philadelphia sing? She is the best ballad-singer I ever heard. And will you please remember me to Mrs. Reed and your brother, and Wharton¹ and Lewis² and his pretty young daughter? Of all those mentioned by Thackeray in this note Mrs. Caspar Wistar, *née* Furness, is the only survivor. Mrs. Wistar writes: 'My acquaintance with him in America dated from a winter in Washington, where I saw him very intimately. It was one of the greatest pleasures of my life to sing to him. To hear him sing "Little Billee" was a treat indeed. I then "laid up wood for my winter fire," which is now in full blast.' Many years ago Mrs. Wistar was the possessor of the original manuscript of Thackeray's ballad of 'Catherine Hayes,' a gift from her friend Mr. Follett Syngé, which she later presented to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. He sent a copy of the verses to Mrs. Ritchie, and they appeared in print for the first time in volume xiii. of her biographical edition of her father's writings.

Early in March the speaker and his secretary took the Richmond steamer. Crowe says: 'I sketched the distant outline of Washington's home, Mount Vernon. We tried to spot the new Castlewood which was raised on the beautiful banks of the Potomac.' In Richmond, Thackeray saw Houdon's statue of Washington, which he greatly admired, and became acquainted with John R. Thompson, the young editor of the 'Southern Literary Messenger,' the acquaintance ripening into an enduring friendship. Many letters were afterwards exchanged between them, and after the novelist's death cordial relations were continued between his daughters and Mr. Thompson, who was editing the Confederate journal issued in London.

On Saturday, March 5, Thackeray and his secretary left Richmond, proceeding *via* steamer, *Governor Dudley*, from Wilmington to Charleston, where he gave three lectures in

¹ Thomas I. Wharton.

² William D. Lewis, president of the Girard Bank.

Hibernian Hall on the following Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings. They were well attended by the *élite*, and the lecturer was hospitably entertained. In Charleston, Thackeray had a pleasant meeting with Professor Agassiz, who, like himself, was lecturing in that city. Leaving South Carolina and its convivial friendships, the travellers sailed in a small steamer for Savannah, the most distant point of the Southern tour, where they were the guests of Mr. Andrew Low, the British consul. The three lectures in this place were the least successful of all delivered in the United States, his audience numbering not above five hundred.

Early in April Thackeray returned to New York, and again occupied his comfortable quarters in the Clarendon Hotel. On the 11th he went by train to Albany, delivering two of his lectures there, and returning by a Hudson River steamer. He had expected to go to Canada, and the papers announced that Montreal would next be visited; but he changed his mind, having grown weary of the 'confounded old lectures.' In an interesting letter, written at this time from the Clarendon, Thackeray says that Bulwer's 'My Novel' and Miss Brontë's 'Villette' had rapidly surpassed 'Henry Esmond' in popular favour; that though he had not made a fortune in four months, he had 'a snug little sum of money.' He was not shocked with slavery as he saw it in several of the Southern States, but thought the negroes in the good families 'the comfortablest race of menials.' With American scenery he was not favourably impressed, saying: 'It is a dreary, unpicturesque country for the most part. I have not seen a dozen picturesque views in all my wanderings, nor even cared to use my pencil except to sketch a negro or two.' On the 15th he composed, in the Clarendon, the lines entitled 'Lucy's Birthday,' for a member of his favourite New York family, frequently alluded to as 'the good Baxters.' The pretty poem first appeared in the 'Keepsake' of 1854; it is included in the latest edition of Thackeray's 'Ballads and Songs,' and is the only one written in the United States, with the single exception of his final leave-taking with American friends commemorated in the charming verses, 'To all good friends in Boston, Mass.'

The fortunate young lady who inspired the attractive lines says in a recent note to the writer: 'The form of the little poem was altered before being printed. Mr. Thackeray changed the rhythm, shortening the lines, etc. He preferred it in that way,

but I always thought the original poem much prettier, which was perhaps not unnatural. He used to call my mother Lady Castlewood and my sister Miss Beatrix. It is not true, as has been often said, that the character of Ethel Newcome was drawn from my sister, although some of the scenes in "The Newcomes" were no doubt suggested by seeing my sister holding her court in New York ball-rooms.' On this point Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in her 'Reminiscences,' speaking of Mrs. Hampton, the sister-in-law of General Wade Hampton, says: 'She told me that she recognised bits of her own conversation in some of the sayings of Ethel Newcome, and I have little doubt that in depicting the beautiful and noble, though wayward girl, Thackeray had in mind something of the aspect and character of the lovely Sally Baxter.'

The lecturer's departure was so sudden that he had no time to say farewell to any except the friendly family of Baxters, who resided in Second Avenue, opposite the mansion of Hamilton Fish. His secretary says: 'I visited Thackeray in his room in the early morning. He had a newspaper in his hand, and he said, "I see there's a Cunarder going this morning. I'll go down to Wall Street to see whether I can secure berths in her."' He was successful, and sailed with Mr. Crowe on April 20 in the *Europa*; and so terminated Thackeray's six months' lecture tour in the United States. Early on Sunday morning, May 1, he was again in his beloved England.

(To be continued.)

A SOLDIER OF MISFORTUNE.

I knew his footfall as well as his voice,
As the sound of his cheery hollo ;
But now he has gone to the Great Unknown,
And thither I may not follow.

RAIN was falling heavily in Plymouth, for the summer was at end and dingy autumn had come. The lamplighters armed with their spark-tipped rods were gathered about the monument preparatory to starting on their nightly rounds, when a shabby figure turned out of a side-street and walked along the straight wet road that connects the three towns. He wore an ancient overcoat with the collar turned up to his ears and a staved-in bowler.

'Beastly weather,' he said to himself, trying to get the coat-collar a little higher. 'Miserable, *I* call it.' He gravitated towards the big stone barracks, as if some magnet attracted him. There was a crowd of small boys watching outside, for the troops were being drilled within the open enclosure, and the orders came clear and sharp. The loafer stood beside the railings, looking across at the moving line. Then a clock in the tower above his head struck, a bugle-call rang out, the compact body scattered in an instant, and the men ran helter-skelter into the many open doorways out of the rain. The square looked forlorn and deserted, the water dripped dismally from the roofs, and the sentry in his box hummed softly to himself for company.

The man outside turned away with a half sigh.

'There's not a job for me in Plymouth this night. It's two days since I've had a job. Martin'll be out o' patience as well as out o' pocket.' He walked on, with keen eyes upon each passer-by, in case there was a chance of calling a cab, carrying a parcel, or holding a horse. After a while he got past the range of the town and into a less frequented road, until a heavier shower bade him stand back for shelter under the clipped hedge of a villa garden. Thrown upon the road in front was a yellow square from a lighted window, and music came across to him through the twilight. A woman's voice was singing, and, though he could not catch the words, the melody, floating up and down the keyboard, was quite distinct, and finally died away in a fleeting arpeggio. Then there

were congratulations and soft laughter. A shadow crossed between the light and the window, and the air began to tremble again with sound.

What was it? The man under the hedge was suddenly transported—other sights were before his eyes, other sounds in his ears. Somebody was playing his old regimental quickstep. A man was playing, to judge from the verve of the bass notes and the masterly touch that rendered the threes of the drums as a prelude. The man outside stood like a rock. With hundreds of others he was being played away from the depôt; he was embarking at Southampton; he was landing in India. The tune, simple enough in itself, brought a hundred recollections hurrying to his mind. The long route-marches, the music of the bugle-calls, and the rhythmical tramp of feet; the wailing of the fifes and the stern emphasis of the drum; all flashed across his mind in one intangible recollection. Then the love of his old life came back upon him forcibly. He thought of his old comrades—some dead; others, doubtless, retired to cottage homes and postmen's duties. One or two, he knew, had won commissions for themselves, and others—Ah! The music stopped, and left him standing there, waiting almost breathlessly for what should happen next.

But there was no more. A door behind him opened, and a man, coming out of the lighted hall, ran down the steps. The loafer under the hedge stepped back a clear pace in astonishment.

'Barker of E Comp'ny! Captain Barker!'

A voice from the hall shouted a good-night and a chaffing remark, and Captain Barker turned his head and threw back an answer. Another laugh, and then the door, shutting, cut off the stream of light.

'That's Barker all over,' said the man under the hedge to himself. 'E always 'ad a joke when other men was serious.'

A figure went swiftly past him down the road into the darkness. 'E didn't know 'oo it was standin' 'ere under the 'edge. 'E didn't know it was me, so 'elp me but 'e didn't. Well, rain's cleared off. That's one good thing. But I've wasted the 'ole bloomin' day and never got a job.'

He walked back quickly to a dirty little cobbler's shop, almost hidden between more pretentious buildings and within hearing of the rumbling trams. The shopbell jangled rudely as he entered, and a sour-faced man at a cobbler's bench looked up.

'What luck?' he asked, peering through his spectacles.

'None at all, I'm sorry to 'ave to tell you,' returned the man in the overcoat.

'I thought per'aps there wouldn't be. Luck hasn't come your way much lately. So I put a platter aside for you. It's over on the shelf yonder.'

'Sure you can spare it?' asked the other, reaching it down.

'Of course I can't,' returned the cobbler in his ill-natured way. 'That's why I put it there, to be sure.'

'If I was to begin thankin' you, I shouldn't stop this side o' Michaelmas.'

'No,' returned the cobbler thoughtfully. 'No, you wouldn't, unless you was interrupted. What's the news out?'

'There isn't none. Only rain. Did you know a mixed draft was landed this mornin'? I saw 'em marchin' up to the citadel. There was men of all sorts—sappers, gunners, one man from a Lancer regiment, and per'aps a couple o' score o' infantry; an' the ambulance wagon come be'ind with the 'eavy baggage. They all 'ad little parakeets in wicky cages. I'd 'ave 'ad one if I'd—come 'ome by trooper. And every 'ere and there you saw one man carrying two little parakeets, and a feller be'ind 'im with a white face, dragging along as if 'e couldn't 'ardly 'old 'imself up to walk. 'E told 'is own story pretty plain, I guess. There was two men from my regiment amongst them, on the other end o' the line. I could ha' swore it was our uniform, though I couldn't rightly see for the dust, so I commenced to whistle a bit o' "Let 'em alone, boys; let 'em alone." They perked round like sparrers when they heard the chune. I didn't want them to think nothink, so I turned it into "I'll tell you by-and-by, Sally," and they passed on without taking no more 'eed o' me.'

'That all you got to tell me, an' you been out all day?'

'On'y that, an' I saw Barker.'

'Seems to me you're always seein' Barker.'

'E was playin' the pianner in a house on the Yelverton Road—playin' our old quickstep 'e was, "Let 'em alone, boys; let 'em alone." Then 'e come out an' run down the steps right past me. 'E didn't know 'oo I was—I mean, 'oo I 'ave been—that was standin' agin the hedge. I suppose I don't look much like a soldier now? No, so 'elp me but I don't.'

The cobbler glanced up scornfully. He saw his friend straighten himself, and try to set the broken deerstalker on at a rather less *négligé* angle,

'It brings it all back so plain,' continued the ex-soldier, 'hearin' that chune, an' the threes o' the drums an' all. I've more'n half a mind to write a letter to Barker an' tell 'im all about it an' say——'

'Ten bob for the bobby that runs you in,' said the frowsy little cobbler.

'An' then six months. Jail wouldn't be so bad a place if it was called by another name. I saw Barker two or three mornin's ago. I happened to be passin' the barracks just as 'e was goin' in, an' before I knew what I was doin' my 'and was up salutin' 'im. Then it touched the brim of this 'ere old 'at, an' I remembered, an' I was in a funk lest 'e should recognise me; but 'e didn't. 'E just lifts an eyebrow, an' 'Mornin',' 'e says, an' passes in, wonderin', I dessay, 'oo 'ad the cheek to salute 'im. An' nex' day I saw 'im again, an' I laid 'old o' the railin's to keep my 'and down, an' looked the other way until 'e 'ad gone in, an' me half-wishin' all the time that 'e'd see me an' speak, an' we'd 'ave it out.'

'Ow you do turn about!' said the cobbler. 'Last night you was swearin' at 'im, sayin' 'e 'ad made you a deserter; an now——'

'So 'e did, in a way o' speaking. It was all along o' 'im. But 'e saved my 'and from bein' cut off by an Afghan, an' got a wipe over the arm for 'is pains, an' turns round with a joke about a weddin'-ring. Seein' 'im laughin' there on the steps put me in mind of it. All my bad luck's come through Barker, but I'd shake 'ands with 'im if I 'ad the chance, so 'elp me if I wouldn't. It puts me in mind o' it all so plain,' he said again, and began to hum a bar or two of the quickstep. But Martin the cobbler had heard the story before and did not wish to appear interested. He was peering over the bench with his short-sighted eyes for a certain piece of leather.

'There yer are,' said Collins the deserter, 'over again' that old boot-heel.' The cobbler pounced upon it and began to fit it in.

'Pretty nearly two penn'orth o' leather in this, I should think, an' on'y a threepenny job when it's all done,' he grumbled.

But Collins went on talking. 'How they danced! an' a hot night an' all! An' the job we had gettin' things ready for 'em! Barker was on the decoratin' committee, an' I was workin' under 'im. An' the yards o' rose wreaths that we made, an' every rose a bud, so that the leaves shouldn't drop an' get churned in when the dancin' begun. "Nothin' but buds," says Barker, "or some-

body'll be down." My word, that floor! How anybody could come to stand up on it passes me, let alone dancin'. Over'ead there was enough wreathin' for a jubilee progression, an' the walls was of buntin' an' baize to let the air in. The men stood outside listenin' to the music, an' by-an'-by some one just slitted a little 'ole to put 'is eye to. Then we all did the same; an' if it wasn't big enough, jus' put your finger through an' then you could see as clear as through an eyeglass. There was Barker dancin' with the ladies, an' all the other officers; an' there was the band, far hotter nor none of the dancers was, poundin' away for dear life. It was in the mornin', when we was takin' down the props, I come acrost a little card with a pencil on a white string. There was lots of names and letters on it, an' without thinkin' much about it I turns it over, an' there was a message on the back, wrote plain an' distinct, from some man to some girl, judgin' from the words, an' I read it at a glance without meanin' to. I wouldn't tell you what it said, Ned, not for ever so, even if I remembered it, which I don't. Barker was in charge o' the fatigue party, an' 'e steps up. "What's that there?" 'e says. "A programme? Give it me." An' me, only thinking it was some girl's secret that oughtn't to get about, says, "No!" I says. "It wasn't meant to be read."

"Give it me," says Barker again, quite hoarse.

'But I begins tearin' it up in little bits an' throwin' it on the ground, an' Barker reaches out for it, an' I says, "No, you don't!" An' I lets out at 'im.'

The cobbler looked up with a sarcastic smile; for the man was carried away by his own story, and his fist had shot out across the bench.

'Well,' continued Collins, 'you may imagine there wasn't much more to be done after that. "Pick those up," says Barker without turnin' a hair; an' down on my knees I goes, shakin' when I thinks o' what I'd done, an' gathers up every little attim. An' Barker takes 'em all from me and shuts 'em up tight in 'is 'and. What come over Barker I don't know, but somethink worse 'ad come over me. It wasn't so very long before I found myself standin' before the colonel, an' Barker standin' beside of 'im, with one of 'is eyes lookin' a trifle shady.

"Touch o' the sun, sir," 'e says, without lookin' at me—"touch o' the sun."

"That's all very well, Cap'en Barker," says the colonel; "but

I'm told the man struck you." An' Barker bites 'is lips, for 'e couldn't say nothin' to the contrary.

"Well," says the colonel at last, "I'll 'ave to inquire into this. That'll do, sergeant," 'e says. "Take 'im away."

The cobbler was hammering noisily, with his head averted. When he paused, the story was continued disconnectedly, after the manner of stories which run to many re-tellings.

"What it is to 'ave a friend that's a corporal! That night, somehow or another—nobody could 'ave told how (me least of all, you bet!)—the door got left open, an' shortly after dark I walks out. Darkness inside right enough; but out of doors, my word, what stars! When I was sleepin' under that there 'aystack the other day, before I found you out, ole pal, seem to me they was just the some old stars slewin' round over'ead towards mornin'. I knew they was different, and that they was all English; but some'ow I couldn't 'elp thinking that I was on my way to the coast without no discharge. The night bein' so clear reminded me. 'Twas no hardship sleepin' in the open air in that country at that time o' year."

The cobbler wiped his hands on his apron and looked up.

"Ow you do talk!" he said, to show that he had not been listening.

"Well, yes," admitted the other. "But if you 'ad bin through the same as what I 'ave, an' found a pal to tell it all to——"

"Get out!" said the cobbler.

"I will," returned Collins. "I'll take it literal. I see you've finished your job, an' I suppose you're wantin' me to carry it round for you? Only," he added, pausing at the door as he started on his errand, "you'll 'ave to mend my boots free an' gratis when they begins to give, you understand?"

Two days later two people were sitting together in the room that threw a yellow glow across the Yelverton Road. Ethel Braithwaite was playing the piano, and Captain Barker sat beside her, so close that she kept putting the pedal down upon his foot. The lights were low, and the French window leading out on to the lawn stood open. Suddenly the girl, who was looking over the piano into the dim garden beyond, stopped with her hands over a chord.

"What?" asked Captain Barker.

"There was some one looking in at the window! A face!"

‘Nonsense!’ said Barker.

‘Yes. I saw it distinctly. I hate living so near Princetown!’

‘That was no one from Princetown. Probably the reflection of something in the room.’

‘It was a face,’ repeated Ethel, rising, ‘looking in at the window.’

Captain Barker jumped up, and seizing a golf-club from a stack in the corner rushed outside.

‘Hi! you there,’ he shouted. ‘Can’t listen for nothing, you know! Dress circle, five bob!’

Ethel went to the window and looked out into the cool dusky garden. Captain Barker was in the shrubbery rummaging.

‘Come out of it,’ he said, addressing the shapeless shadow. ‘Don’t think I can’t see you.’

But long before he had finished his search a dark figure had lifted itself over the railings and was walking off, coolly, down the road. ‘What an ass I was,’ it said, ‘not to have gone first to the ‘en-’ouse! I could ‘a boned one or two easy then, without raisin’ the alarm. Martin’ll be mad when ‘e ‘ears.’

Captain Barker went back to the French window.

‘It was all your vivid imagination,’ he said. ‘There’s not a thing moving in the garden, and a hapless policeman inquired what I wanted when I shouted to the unseen to stop.’

‘Sure there was nobody?’

‘Couldn’t have been. The bobby would have spotted him, even if I hadn’t. Play some more. What music are you going to have on Friday?’

‘This, and this, and this. All waltzes, flavoured with an occasional barn-dance to leaven the lump. We’re going to keep the walls clear, and no chaperons invited.’

‘Good. How many may I have?’

‘What? Chaperons?’

‘Miss Braithwaite! How irreverent! Waltzes, of course. Shall we call it six and add an extra later on?’

‘Call it two; and then, if I can’t possibly find any one else who’ll dance with me, you’ll be handy to fall back upon!’ Then she fell to playing airs and melodies and snatches of tunes from the comic operas, all strung together in one long ribbon of sound. And if she paused for an instant to ask Barker a question, before he had time to answer she would dash off into a swinging refrain, saying: ‘We’re going to have this on Friday.’

And Barker, listening beside her, wondered what had made

her look up so suddenly and unreasonably, and declare there was a man in the garden.

‘Well, I must write that letter to Barker,’ said Collins a few days later. ‘Got a sheet o’ writin’ paper on you, Ned?’

‘There oughter be some in the cupboard over yonder, but there isn’t over-much. So put a sheet aside for the fair copy. I ‘aven’t written a letter for more’n a year.’

‘It’s more in your line than mine,’ said the soldier.

‘Didn’ you just hear me sayin’ I ‘aven’t wrote a letter for more’n a year? Not since my sister-in-law, what’s dead now, went to live in Lymington. Take my advice and don’t try any ‘igh-soundin’ words that you don’t know ‘ow to spell.’

Collins was hunting about among the untidy cupboard-shelves.

‘On’y one sheet o’ paper,’ he said, ‘an’ that not more than passable clean. Our best plan ‘ll be to make it up in our heads an’ get it off by heart before we starts the writin’ of it. So ‘elp me but I’d rather ‘ave a day’s route-marching.’

‘Yes,’ assented the cobbler. ‘They say the pen’s weightier than the sword.’

‘My word!’ said Collins, staring vacantly in front of him. ‘It’ll be six months, but it’s cheap at the price. I was at the barracks again to-day,’ he went on, ‘just as the dinners was comin’ out from the cookhouse, smokin’ ‘ot, an’ the smell o’ beef an’ taters driftin’ acrost the p’rade ground sure as I smell your leather ‘ere. Two men to each o’ them there tins, that I know so well. Any complaints? Lor’, there wouldn’t be no complaint if I was back again there now. They might give me three-quarters of a pound o’ bone, an’ I wouldn’t say nothin’—leastways, not more’n “Thank yer”! The very smell o’ them by itself is enough to make a man hungry.’

‘Then why do you go there?’ asked Martin irritably. ‘Look at those’—he pointed to a long row of boots—‘you can’t call them things boots. They’re a bloomin’ patch-work, every one of them. They won’t keep two men in dinners for long, an’ one of ‘em accustomed to I don’t know what rations. Three-quarters of a pound! If you gets three-quarters of a crumb here, you’re lucky. I don’t want to ‘urry up your letter to Barker, mind—for I know where you’re goin’ when you leave me—but you see how ‘tis. You never come in from the street bringing more than a pipeful of baccy with you.’

'I see,' said Collins slowly. 'I'd better go foragin', I suppose. That 'ouse I was tellin' you about, there in the Yelverton Road, 'as a nice little 'en roost round be'ind.'

'Not the 'ouse where Barker lives?'

'E don't live there. 'E on'y calls.'

'I understand. An' now you're goin' to call. Don't you go leavin' no card nor nothin' behind you, or else they'll be returnin' it an' callin' 'ere. Well, then, you get along an' see if somethin' else don't find its way into those great pockets o' yourn besides your empty 'ands.'

Collins paused with his hand on the door. 'S'elp me but I can't,' he said.

'Ha!' said the cobbler quickly, adding with a sneer, 'I knew you wouldn't!'

'Then that's where you're wrong,' answered Collins, deliberately. 'For I'm goin' to.'

Collins found his way over the privet hedge and between the flower-beds, and finally dropped down under the sunk fence that bounded the tennis-court.

'Fancy me on this 'ere job,' he thought. 'It's for Ned's sake, though. Poor old Ned! I can't sponge on 'im like this no longer. It'll be a relief when I get that there letter off. Whew! six months!'

As he walked on, with his shoulders on a level with the evergreens, he saw a white light coming towards him—the moon shining upon a white dress and the glint of a shirtfront beside it. A single glance, and he recognised the taller of the two figures. 'Barker? Well, I never did! Barker as grave as a judge! Now, if I was to cough or even step on a branch, Barker could go 'ome again with 'is 'ands in 'is pockets.'

Captain Barker leant forward eagerly, while the girl beside him, dignified and self-possessed, was speaking. She was so calm that the man watching was deceived.

'Barker's got the "go,"' he said to himself. 'Sure as fate.' But no, the captain spoke again; they were walking slowly towards the netting, and another step would have taken them within earshot of the listener. As the girl looked up into his face, Barker turned towards her quickly and suddenly. The man watching ducked under the fence and covered his ears with his hands. What made him do it he could not tell. Not the fear of being seen, certainly, though waiting there,

carefully as he guarded his ears from all sound, he half expected the captain to leap over the wall and thrash him for an eaves-dropper.

'Miss Braithwaite,' said Captain Barker, as they steered down towards the tennis-court, 'I've waited for a whole year. Have I your leave to speak?'

'I don't know what you mean,' said Ethel.

The captain stared for a moment. Then he said: 'That night at Allajupore—when we gave our ball—your programme—' Ethel was gathering what she could from his face. 'I wrote on the back of your programme—it was full, so nobody could have seen—asking if I might speak, if I might call and tell your aunt. You never gave me any sign, never spoke. Miss Braithwaite, can I—may I—?'

Ethel was frowning because she was trying to see into the past.

'Allajupore?' she said. 'At the —shires' dance? I lost my card—got wrong in all my dances towards the end of the evening. All my partners blamed me. I remember. But I never saw your message. Are you sure you gave me back my card?'

'I put it straight into your hands. You couldn't have helped seeing it, for I put P.T.O. against your next dance, so that you would turn it over.'

'I never saw it,' she said; 'never dreamt of it.'

'B—but——,' he began.

She saw the look on his face and spoke very quickly.

'Never mind about the card,' she said. Then she added softly, 'I'll take the message for granted.'

It seemed to Collins that he waited there for hours, hardly daring to move. But when he did turn his head, he heard music in the distance, and saw them walking slowly together towards the house. All that had happened was very evident. Collins straightened himself and looked after them.

'Well, Barker,' he said, 'my congratulations;' and turning, he went home to the cobbler's shop without giving the henhouses another thought.

'Hallo!' said Ned cheerily from the bench. Then Collins remembered and stopped short.

'What luck?' pursued the cobbler. 'Did you find Barker at 'ome, or 'ow was it? Per'aps Barker was out an' the 'ens was at 'ome, an' now some of the 'ens is out, eh?'

Then he caught sight of Collins, with his hands in his empty pockets and a blank look on his face.

'Well,' he said, 'you are a beauty!' and went on hammering without another word.

'Tell you what,' said Collins, sitting down beside the bench, 'when I went out from here I fully meant to—I fully did. But when I got there, goin' round below the tennis-green, there was Barker an' a girl, jest atop, and—so 'elp me, it put it quite outer my 'ead, for Barker 'e was jest——' he looked across at the little sour-faced man opposite and hesitated.

'Well?' asked the cobbler.

Collins went on cautiously: 'Barker was jest—jest puttin' it to 'er.'

'Ah!' said the cobbler quickly. 'That was what took your attention off?'

Collins spoke rapidly to justify himself.

'Yes, Barker was jest puttin' it to 'er, an' me squattin' down be'ind the 'edge an' all, afraid o' sneezin' or treadin' on a twig lest it should give the alarm.'

'They wouldn't never 'ave seen you. They wouldn't 'ave seen nor 'eard, you bet. They was much too busy.'

'No, they wouldn't 'ave seen me, nor I wouldn't 'ave seen them neither. Not for a good deal.'

The cobbler laughed. 'You must 'ave 'ad a most amusin' time,' he said.

Collins looked straight across the bench at his friend, and then said: 'Well, I consider it's time I finished that there letter that I begun.'

'Bein' nearly midnight, I dessay it is,' retorted Martin.

'You don't show no signs o' turning in jest yet.'

'No; I ain't in no 'urry. I'll be glad to see that letter done.'

'So shall I; for the sooner my letter's off, the sooner my six months'll be over.'

When the labour of writing was over, Collins took his letter to the post, and on returning was surprised to find the cross little cobbler waiting for him at the door in great excitement.

'Ere you are!' he exclaimed. 'I've noos for yer, ole man.'

'Well,' said Collins solemnly, 'what's on yer mind?'

'You know what this year is?' the cobbler went on.

'Queen's Jubilee; I 'aven't forgot *that* yet, so 'elp me.'

'It's like this,' said Ned. 'My ole pal Jimmy jest come in 'ere, seein' the light still burnin'. Jimmy's a sawcastic sorter chap, an' 'e jest puts 'is 'ead in roun' the door, an' "'Oo's a-'arbourin' a deserter?" he says.

"Don't know what you mean," says I.

"No?" 'e says. "Then when I tells you that there's a Queen's pardon for all deserters what makes 'aste an' sends in their names, it won't interest you?"

"No," I says, "it don't." So, ole pal, that's the noos. Take my advice an' send in your name sharp. I 'ope it's true—I do 'ope it's true. It'll be crool 'ard if 'tisn't. There, ole man; is my noos worth 'aving?"

Collins was sitting down beside the bench. He took up a boot and began counting the nails that his friend had put into the sole, with a great concentration.

'Does it mean,' he asked slowly, 'that I shan't get six months?'

'It does,' said Martin. 'It does; and now your best plan is to go out an' see if it's true. You go to the corner o' the street an' arsk questions. You'll find lots o' men talkin' there, even this late. Here! you ain't no good, glazin' at an ole boot like that; I'll 'ave to go myself. Gimme me jacket; an' while I'm gone, you tidy that shelf an' sweep up them bits off the floor. Don't get glazin'!'

When he came back, some twenty minutes later, Collins had swept the remnants of leather up into a heap, and was taking them round the room, solemnly, with his brush.

'It's all right!' Ned shouted, with unwonted excitement. 'An' I got the name o' the place for you to send your name to an' all. Why, whatever are you doin'? Goin' mad, I should think. Wish I 'ad known five minutes before you sent your letter 'stead of after. Saved you a penny stamp then—leastways, saved me.'

'No, no,' said Collins; 'I'm glad the letter's gone. It'll show 'em I wrote before 'earin'.'

'Bless you! They won't believe it! They'll think you just faked up a letter when you 'eard the noos. That's what they'll think.'

'The colonel may,' answered Collins. 'Colonel may; but Barker, 'e'll understand.'

'Why, this is on a par with your 'idin' be'ind the 'edge when

Barker was jest—jest puttin' it to 'er. Well, get along to bed, an' don't forget 'oo it was that told you the noos.'

Ethel Braithwaite and Captain Barker were standing on the little rough stone quay, waiting for the arrival of the excursion steamer. It was a bright breezy day, and in the distance the waves were flinging clouds of spray over the breakwater. Further off, and beyond the range of vision, the Eddystone, standing beside the remnant of its former self, caught the sun, and rose like a column and a broken column out of the east-hazed water. The jetty was a busy little place. Crazy vertical engines puffed noisily up and down the jolting metals, and a barge was being unloaded with the help of a crane. A stack of small kegs, momentarily growing higher, stood beside the crane, which creaked and clattered as the chain rattled up and down. The two, balancing themselves upon the rails, watched the work going forward while they waited for the little steamer that was making its way through the crowd of smaller shipping. Behind them stood a loafer, with his hands in his pockets, whistling through his teeth. Captain Barker turned, for the tune caught his attention, but at that moment Ethel spoke to him and he turned back again. She was looking at the cluster of little barrels that rose out of the ship's hold. They were for all the world like a bunch of seals on a giant watch-chain. There was a fascination about the long arm as it swung slowly round on its pivot.

'The boat's crowded,' said Barker. 'We'll let the people get ashore before we go on board.'

The kegs were dangling just above her head, when the clips on one of the smaller chains gave, and its beaker slipped out of the slings. Barker's eyes were on the steamer, unheeding, but the loafer behind her sprang towards Ethel, caught her roughly by the arm, and dragged her away. An instant later the keg crashed upon the spot where she had just been standing, bounced upon the cobbled quay, then leapt into the water. Barker gave a quick laugh of relief when he saw what had happened. The driver climbed laboriously down from his engine, and one of the stevedores broke the silence with:

'That barr'l was full o' wine. I wonder who'll pay.'

'A near thing for the young woman,' remarked another. It was a moment before the absence of the loafer was noted. Then a man rushed towards them, shouting, from the opposite side of

the jetty, and Barker, turning, caught sight of Ethel looking down speechless into the water. The bilged cask was staving itself to bits against the stone quay as the wash from the steamer's paddle-boxes caught it. Nothing else was visible. The steamer's bow-hawser was being made fast to the iron ring ashore, when Barker, balancing himself upon the edge of the stonework, shouted through his hands to the man at the wheel, 'Hard astern. There's a man in the water!' Then he ran down the weed-grown steps to the water's edge. The big paddle-wheels began to revolve slowly, then stopped.

'I daren't,' shouted the captain. Ethel sat down helplessly upon a bollard. Unheeding she saw the gangway run out and the people coming ashore—all the ordinary tribe that make up the passengers of an excursion steamer, talking and laughing together in ignorance of the tragedy that was taking place just beside them. She saw them all and watched the panic spread among them when they saw a life-buoy flung into the water, followed by a coil of rope. All gathered at the edge of the quay, and hung over the stone parapet to stare down into the water. Through the murmur of the crowd she could hear Barker's quick decisive voice shouting directions, and between the moving figures caught a glimpse of men on the steamer's deck, straining with boat-hooks and paddles to keep her away from the stone wall. Then a shabby little woman out of the crowd came towards her.

'They're getting him up,' she said, 'and they think he may not be really drowned. The men say he must have got stunned as he fell. The cask knocked him into the water. I saw it all from the steamer.'

Then Barker, looking grave, stood beside her.

'Ethel,' he said, 'just walk with me as far as the cab-stand and take a lift home. I'll follow on as soon as I can;' and as they went, he talking to get her attention, she knew that he was trying to interpose himself between her and a dripping burden that was being carried up the steps.

The row of mended boots on the cobbler's bench was appalling, for Collins was not there to carry home the finished work. Martin, more sour and surly than ever, was sitting at work, and Captain Barker and Miss Braithwaite had just entered the shop, to the announcement of the jangling bell. Martin, peering through his

glasses, was speaking, apparently to the work under his hands, for he never even glanced at his visitors.

'Smart soldier, you say? Well, mabbe. Not much good at anythin' else, though. 'Ands in 'is pockets all day, a-talkin' about Allapoo-jaw. I'd 'ad enough of 'is Allapoo-jaw, I told him. So off he goes an' writes a letter to give 'imself up as a deserter. An' a moment arterwards I finds out about this 'ere Queen's pardon. "Pity I 'adn't knowed five minutes before," I says. "Saved a penny stamp." "No," 'e says, "it'll show 'em I wrote before I knowed." "They won't believe that," I told 'im. "Per'aps you wouldn't," 'e says; "but Barker, 'e'll understand."'

Ethel's face was softening as she listened.

'Talkin'? Yes, 'e was a fine 'and at talkin'. 'Ow they made little slit-'oles in the tent for to watch the officers dancin', and 'ow 'e picked up some girl's dancin'-card when they was sweepin' up in the mornin'. 'E would 'ave talked the 'ole night through if I'd a let 'im, but 'e couldn't earn sixpence a day to save 'is life. I told 'im I'd 'ad enough of 'is Allapoo-jaw. I 'ad to 'ammer as loud as ever I could to drown 'is talkin', and now——'

The cobbler paused with his mouth full of sprigs to search for an extra lift of leather. Barker glanced quickly at Ethel, who with her head averted winked away a tear.

'An' now, I s'pose,' added Martin, 'I'll 'ave to 'ammer for to drown 'is silence;' and, so saying, he took up a mallet and began striking viciously.

PHILIPPA BRIDGES.

'OMBRES CHINOISES.'¹

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

IN the latter half of the month of March 1779 the gaiety of London, to judge from the advertisement columns in the papers, does not seem to have been materially 'eclipsed' by the recent death of Garrick. Ranelagh, of course, still remained closed, and the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, although announced, was yet to come; but at Drury Lane they were playing, among other things, the 'School for Scandal,' with Colman's evergreen 'dramatick Novel' of 'Polly Honeycombe;' while Covent Garden was offering its audience a brand-new masque of 'Calypso' by Mr. Richard Cumberland. In the Haymarket, at the Theatre Royal, there was Handel's 'Acis and Galatea,' coupled with an Ode on 'Victory' inscribed to Admiral Keppel, recently acquitted by court-martial of allowing the French to get away off Ushant; at Hanover Square, Messrs. Abel and Bach ('English Bach,' to wit) were giving concerts; there were assemblies and *ridottos* at the Pantheon in Oxford Street and at Carlisle House in Soho Square; and at Freemasons' Hall Mr. Tootell, whose *clarum et venerabile nomen* has somehow escaped immortality, was notifying his Annual Ball. In Cockspur Street Mr. Breslaw was continuing his musical performances and sleight-of-hand; at Panton Street there were the Italian Fantoccini; and at Leicester House, hard by, if you cared for a rather expensive entertainment, there was the curious Museum of Sir Ashton Lever. On the south side of St. James's Park, at the Cock-Pit Royal, you might, if you pleased, witness a main of cocks (Kent v. Essex: 'Ten Guineas a Battle and Two Hundred Guineas the Main'), and compare your impressions with the picture which William Hogarth had drawn of that absorbing national sport just twenty years before. And you might also, if opportunity offered, attend the entertainment referred to in the following passage from volume one of the recently published 'Francis Letters: 'Saturday,' which would be March 20, 1779, 'Sally and Betsy were invited and went to drink tea with Mrs. Goring, and went to "Les Ombres Chinoises" with Mrs. and Miss Goring, Mr. Goring, and Mr. Wodsworth.'

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The writer was the wife of Philip Francis, and Betsy and Sally were his daughters. But what were 'Les Ombres Chinoises'?

Piecing the particulars in the different advertisements, the answer is as follows. In March 1779 the multifarious Philip Astley—once a cabinet-maker, afterwards a corporal in Elliot's Light Horse, later still a circus-rider, and popularly reputed to be the handsomest man in England—had opened a New Amphitheatre Riding House at the foot of Westminster Bridge, where performances consisting of 'Feats of Activity and Agility of Body on Foot and Horseback' were, for the first time, given by candlelight. He had apparently more than one string to his bow, for, in combination with his notifications of his equestrian show, he frequently advertised another entertainment under the title of 'Les Ombres Chinoises; or, Astley's Various Exhibitions.' These took place in a room 'commodiously prepared' at No. 22 Piccadilly, near the end of the Haymarket, further to be distinguished as having 'a Pyramid of Lights over the Door,' and as being, in regard to its interior, 'illuminated with Wax, for the Reception of the Nobility, Gentry, and Others.' The bill seems to have been unusually varied. First came the 'Chinese Shadows,' being twelve acts, or comic scenes, with the ensuing titles: 1. 'Diversions of a certain Public Garden [in Paris];' 2. 'The Beggar and his Wife;' 3. 'The Humourous Courtship; or, The Travelling Knifegrinder;' 4. 'The Sportsman; or, The Duck-Hunting;' 5. 'The Weaver; or, Militia Man, a Comic Opera;' 6. 'The Rope Dancer;' 7. 'The Cat; or, The Downfall of the Porridge Pot;' 8. 'The Lion Catchers;' 9. 'The Traveller Benighted, the Broken Bridge, or the Insolent Carpenter Rewarded;' 10. 'The Shipwreck, &c.;' 11. 'The Metamorphoses of a Magician;' and 12. 'A Hornpipe in a Surprising Manner.' Between the scenes there were dancing and fireworks. After 'Les Ombres Chinoises' came a Signor Rossignol, whose particular vanity it was to play a Concert on a Violin without Strings and 'julk,' warble and to imitate the notes of various birds. He was assisted or succeeded by a Foreign Gentleman, unnamed, who performed on five instruments of music at once. Then Mr. Astley produced his 'two little Animals,' the 'Conjuring Horse' and the 'Learned Dog,' and further contributed to the amusement of the audience by a number of 'Droll Deceptions' on Cards, Letters, Thoughts, Numbers, Eggs, Apples, Caskets, Hours, Watches, and the like. These tricks, after the obliging manner of modern wizards, he was kind enough

to explain to the spectators. Such, then, was the entertainment witnessed in March 1779 by the Misses Francis and their friends.

The Bill of the Play, however, is not the play, and, like the 'droll deceptions,' will probably be no worse for a word of explanation. The manner of 'Les Ombres Chinoises' seems to have been on this wise. In place of the curtain in front of a miniature theatre was tightly strained a transparency of linen or oiled paper, more or less (and possibly less) elaborately painted with a scene. A few feet behind this was fixed a strong light, and between the transparency and the light were interposed tiny figures cut out in cardboard or leather, the shadows of which straightway appeared on the paper or linen. The figures were jointed, and were worked, with strings and other contrivances, by an unseen operator, who, at the same time, 'bade them discourse.' This they often did at great length, occasionally—as may be gathered from the sub-title of 'Comic Opera' appended to one of the above scenes—diversifying their proceedings by song. A description, dated 1816, of one of the most popular pieces, 'The Duck-Hunting' ('Chasse aux Canards'), shows that considerable mechanical proficiency must have been attained. A boat containing the sportsman was punted upon the scene; the sportsman discharged his fowling-piece; the 'lethal lead' (*plomb meurtrier*) killed a duck, which toppled artistically from the welkin, and two more swam hurriedly away. 'After the "Opéra français"'—says a cynical contemporary—"I know no more interesting show for children: it lends itself to enchantments, to the marvellous, and to the most terrible catastrophes. If, for example, you desire the devil to carry away any one, the actor who plays the devil has only to jump over the light placed at the back of the transparency, and he will seem to fly away with his prey through the air.'

This citation is borrowed from the 'Correspondance Littéraire' of Grimm, who wrote in August, 1770, at which date he speaks of 'Les Ombres Chinoises' as a social amusement just invented in France (they were well known in Germany under the name of 'Schattenspiel,' and had long been familiar in Italy), which was likely to be stifled in its birth by the rage for those *proverbes* of which one reads in the chronicles of Mme. de Genlis. But, even upon Grimm's own showing, the introduction of the 'Ombres Chinoises' into France must have been much earlier than 1770, since he speaks of a little piece, 'L'Heureuse Pêche,' as having been printed for the 'Ombres à Scènes Changeantes,' and re-

presented *en société* towards the close of 1767. From this he augurs (cynically) that there will soon be an entire *théâtre* of these trifles, which, indeed, came to pass five years later, when an exhibitor named Ambroise opened a 'Théâtre des Récréations de la Chine,' where, by the way, or in Japan, the origin of the *ombres* is to be sought. In addition to a sunrise with the regulation accessories, Ambroise advertised metamorphoses of a magician, evidently No. 11 of the Piccadilly programme; and it may be noted that even thus early the suitability of the entertainment

pour les petites filles

Dont on coupe le pain en tartines

is already insisted upon. 'The clergy,' says the proprietor, 'can assist at my show without scruple.'

The learned M. Charles Magnin, from whose curious '*Histoire des Marionnettes en Europe*' some of these details are derived, asserts that Ambroise came over to London in June, 1776. This may be so. But he was undoubtedly here in June and July, 1777, when the '*Ombres Chinoises*' of Messrs. Brunn, *Ambrose*, and Gelmene were repeatedly advertised as to be seen at the Great Room in Pantan Street. After a time they must have been combined with Breslaw's exhibition, for the notice becomes Breslaw, Brunn, and Ambrose. 'It is amazing,' says a contemporary paragraphist on June 21, 'to see the Numbers of the Nobility and Gentry that were present at Breslaw's and Brunn's Exhibition in Pantan Street, Haymarket, for these two Nights past. . . . The "*Ombres Chinoises*," with several new beautiful Scenes, are absolutely the greatest Amusements that ever were exhibited in the Metropolis.' Some of the scenes differ from those later exhibited by Astley. There are a Venice Dock Yard, a Spanish Bull Fight, House-breakers, and one or two other items which are new, but the remainder correspond generally with the later list. The dialogues and songs to all these pieces were in French. When they were transferred to London in 1779, they were at first given in French and English alternately. Eventually they were given in English alone, or in French only by special request. Ambroise, or Ambrose, does not appear to have relied exclusively upon his shadows, since he wound up by rope-dancing and marionettes. In the Advertisements of 1779 his name is not mentioned, and we hear of him no further.

The title of '*auteur et inventeur des Ombres Chinoises*,' however, is not claimed for Ambroise, but for Séraphin, with

whom they are more generally associated, and who made them permanently famous. Séraphin, or, more accurately, Séraphin-Dominique François, was a Lorrainer, born in 1747 at Longwy, in the Department of the Moselle. In 1772, after a wandering life on the Continent as a strolling player, he arrived at Versailles, and forthwith obtained permission to set up in the garden of the Hôtel Lannion (afterwards the site of No. 25 Rue Satory), a show 'of a novel kind, and up to that date little known in France,' which he had brought, in all probability, from Italy. Here is his rhymed invitation:—

Venez, garçon, venez, fillette,
 Voir Momus à la silhouette.
 Oui, chez Séraphin venez voir
 La belle humeur en habit noir.
 Tandis que ma salle est bien sombre,
 Et que mon acteur n'est que l'ombre,
 Puisse, Messieurs, votre gaîté
 Devenir la réalité.

At Versailles, to which place the presence of the Court attracted a large miscellaneous public, Séraphin received a good deal of encouragement, arousing, among the rest, the curiosity of Marie Antoinette, who desired Cléry to make arrangements for three representations a week of the 'Ombres' during the Carnival. For each of these the exhibitor got 300 francs, having at first asked 1,200 and then 1,000. But he greatly amused the royal family, and, as a result, in 1781 was graciously authorised to describe his entertainment as 'Spectacle des Enfants de France.' In all his announcements he dwelt upon the variety of his programme, which, he declared, was never repeated twice running ('deux fois de suite on n'y voit pas la même chose'); and he dwelt also upon its strict decorum. 'Ce spectacle, où règne la gaîté,' ran the *affiche*, 'est toujours caractérisé par la décence.' It was the only theatrical representation, we learn elsewhere, to which Abbés could go in their cassocks.

In 1784, notwithstanding the vogue resulting from royal patronage, Séraphin migrated to Paris, taking up his abode in one of the stone galleries which Philip of Orleans (Philippe-Egalité) had recently constructed round the garden of the Palais-Royal, and his address on his bills became—'Palais Egalité, Galerie de Pierre, No. 121, du côté de la rue des Bons-Enfants.' In the Palais-Royal he and his heirs after him remained for more than seventy years, or until 1858. He performed once daily, at

six o'clock, and twice on Sundays and *fête* days. There is abundant evidence that the Théâtre Séraphin, as it came to be called, was very popular. 'Ce que l'on appelle le "petit peuple,"' says the 'Tableau du Palais-Royal,' 'ne va pas souvent aux "Ombres Chinoises;" mais, en revanche, le bon bourgeois, la bonne compagnie même, se donnent le plaisir. . . . Toutes ces petites scènes sont faites avec intelligence; on y rit beaucoup et cela suffit.' The price was twenty-four sols. There was no orchestra; but between the acts Mozin the elder played the harpsichord, while outside the attractions and beauties of the entertainment were proclaimed to the passers-by, with appropriate gesture and a strident voice, by one of Séraphin's staff, generally some comedian out at elbows who had fallen upon evil days.

A German visitor to Paris in 1789 classes the Théâtre Séraphin among 'the most ingenious performances he had ever seen.' But something depends upon the point of view, and this was not the opinion of the illustrious dramatist, Herr von Kotzebue, who, coming to the French capital in 1790, strayed into the 'Ombres Chinoises,' which, as it was Christmas Day, was the sole show open. Like Walpole upon his first visit to Ranelagh, he does not seem to have 'found the joy of it,' and only remained a quarter of an hour. He had expected, he says, that the show would have been at the highest point of perfection. On the contrary, the room was crowded and miserable, the figures stiff and awkward, and the scenes coarse and bad. Then the strings which moved the actors' arms and legs were lamentably perceptible. (This, by the way, seems always to have been a difficulty which, for a long time, the indulgence of the spectator was required to overcome.) But Kotzebue was evidently disposed to see even *silhouettes* too much *en noir*; and he may, besides, have been wounded in his national susceptibilities. For among the pieces represented was one in which a Russian woman laments to her friends that her husband no longer cares for her because for three months he has omitted to beat her. (This, in parenthesis, was evidently Guillemain's 'Femme battue et contente.') Thereupon arrives the husband, explaining apologetically that he had mislaid his stick. Having recovered it, he proceeds at once to 'dissemble his love,' and repair his neglect in the old manner. 'C'est bien allemand,' said some one behind the author of 'The Stranger,' and it must have been at this point that Herr von Kotzebue precipitately left the little *salle*.

As time went on, Séraphin found it necessary to modify and strengthen his programme. He added 'Pyrrhic and hydraulic fires;' he invoked the valuable aid of Polichinelle; he imported Gobemouche, a little black dog who bites the Devil when he comes to carry Polichinelle away. Moreover, 'at the express request of fathers and mothers of families,' he added (like Ambroise) a 'joli jeu de marionnettes.' In September, 1790, he transferred the enterprise to one Moreau, who did not succeed; and Séraphin resumed his office, while Moreau ungratefully set up a rival 'Comédiens de Bois' in what was afterwards the old 'Café des Aveugles.' Notwithstanding his Versailles antecedents, during the Revolution, Séraphin seems to have succumbed to what has been called the 'febrile effervescence of those sinister times,' and to have considerably salted his exhibition with the prevailing patriotism. One of his scenes at this period bore the portentous name of 'La Démonseigneurisation.' Finally, in December, 1800, he himself became an *ombre* (not Chinoise). Some authorities speak of a *veuve* Séraphin; but the usually accurate M. Jal, in his 'Dictionnaire Critique,' affirms that the originator of the 'Ombres Chinoises' was never distracted from his graver histrionic functions by the cares of husband and father. In any case, it was a nephew, Joseph François, who carried on the business in the Galerie de Valois.

Joseph-François Séraphin the Second was a rigorist and disciplinarian of some originality. In forty years he did not leave his show ten times, and when his own sister married one of his staff he made the happy pair play on that day like the rest. Further, it is stated that to the thinnest of audiences he always conscientiously went through the whole performance, without abridgment. He was succeeded by a son-in-law, who continued the show from 1844 to 1858, when it was transferred to the Boulevard Montmartre. But 'Tout s'use en ce bas monde,' and its decline had begun. It languished until 1870, and disappeared.

Not a few authors of more than average distinction worked for Séraphin's little stage. Several of the pieces were produced by a member of the family, Mdle. Pauline Séraphin; and the list of writers included a *savant* and librarian, M. Capperonnier, of the Bibliothèque Nationale, who is responsible for 'L'Île des Perroquets' and 'Enée à Carthage.' Others were Guillemain, Dorvigny, Gabiot de Salins, Maillé de Marencourt. Charles-Jacob Guillemain, a prolific author of some four hundred plays, and a

meritorious person who supported three sisters by his pen, was also the most indefatigable librettist of the 'Ombres.' Séraphin paid him twelve francs per scene; and his 'Chasse aux Canards,' 'Magicien Rothomago,' 'Embarras du Ménage,' 'Entrepreneur de Spectacle,' and other efforts for the cardboard company had, it is alleged, a far longer run than his more ambitious productions for the Vaudeville and the Variétés-Amusantes. Dorvigny, whose Christian name was Louis, and who resembled, and was proud of resembling, Louis XV., was also a voluminous writer in both kinds. He it is who is credited with the already mentioned concession to the reigning ideas, 'Le Démonseigneurisation,' as also with 'Arlequin Corsaire' (afterwards 'Arlequin Patriote'), 'Les Caquets du Matin,' and 'Orphée aux Enfers.' In an anonymous volume, published at Lyons in 1875, is printed the text of the popular 'Pont Cassé,' which is assigned indifferently to Guillemain and Dorvigny. With a brief summary of this we may close our paper. The transparency is described as exhibiting a landscape traversed by a river, over which is a bridge with a broken central arch. At the right stands an inn with a sign. Upon the same side shortly arrives a *petit bonhomme* (lad), who begins to work vigorously at the bridge with a pick. To him, from the other side, enters hurriedly a traveller, who, by his oaths, should be a Gascon. He calls across to know if the river is deep. The lad, impudent by nature, and secure in his impregnable position, replies irrelevantly by singing:

Les cailloux touchent à la terre,
 Lire lire laire!
 Les cailloux touchent à la terre,
 Lire lon pha!

Asked again whether the river is passable, he returns ironically, 'Why not?'

Les canards l'ont bien passée,
 Lire lire laire!
 Les canards l'ont bien passée,
 Lire lon pha!

which is obviously nothing to the point. He continues to 'cheek' his interlocutor, much after the fashion of the 'Artful Dodger' in 'Oliver Twist,' replying, among other things, to an inquiry as to his name—

Je m'appelle comme mon père,
 Lire lire laire!

The *esprit gaulois* increases with the progress of the dialogue. At last a timely boat enables the exasperated traveller to cross the stream 'unbeknown' to the 'petit gas,' upon whom he presently inflicts condign chastisement. Whether Guillemain or Dorvigny wrote this—which Magnin terms *la pièce classique des 'Ombres Chinoises'*—it has been noted that it is practically identical with a time-honoured *fabliau*, which is to be found in the works of the *trouvère* Rutebœuf. Further, that M. Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac, who is supposed to have suffered from borrowers, has himself made use of this very *fabliau* in act ii. sc. 2 of his comedy of 'Le Pédant joué.'

IN THE ORCHARD.

DOES Love remember yet the little house
 We builded ere the summer's sun was set,
 To shelter him for ever 'neath green boughs,
 That he might dream and all the world forget?
 The world beyond the orchard, where men fret,
 Serving strange gods, remembering not Love's vows
 Until the lonely afterdays that rouse
 Within their hearts the serpent of regret,
 And turn to lead the gold upon their brows,
 Where once of old Love's circling roses met.
 Does Love remember yet the little house?
 If we forget not, how should Love forget?

Does Love remember how the apples hung
 From drooping boughs above us, dewy wet?
 And how all golden in the dusk they swung
 Among thick branches, that in leafy net
 Held the first stars—those stars that shall not set
 While Love remembers? How the blackbird sung,
 As in a bower, when Love himself was young,
 He sang for Aucassin and Nicolette,
 As still he sings in Love's clear silver tongue
 For hearts that worship in green places yet?
 Remembers Love how bright the apples hung?
 If we forget not, how should Love forget?

Does Love remember yet when boughs are bare
 And moaning winds the naked branches fret?
 When winter tempest troubles all the air,
 When ruin hath the orchard overset?
 When he must go through windy ways and wet,
 Nor find him shield nor shelter anywhere?
 When, cold on brow, and white among his hair,
 December snow falls, where green leaves have met?
 Does Love remember flower and fruit that were?
 Or dream how spring shall stir to blossom yet
 The boughs that winter winds have stricken bare?
 If we remember, how should Love forget?

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

OLD NAVAL FAMILIES.

No heritable quality seems to be so persistent as the naval spirit. I call it the naval spirit rather than love for the sea, for many a man who appears to inherit the quality of which I speak can scarcely be a lover of the sea at all, seeing that perhaps, like Nelson, he is sea-sick every time he goes afloat. Such a sufferer, however, may find compensations, especially in time of war, if he be patriotic and fond of adventure and peril. And it is, I think, the attraction of the naval profession, rather than the attraction of the waves and winds, that appeals to the majority of those men who are so constituted as to be capable of winning distinction in the 'Senior Service.'

The persistence of the quality of which I speak is remarkable not only in British families. More than one Doria was a great seaman of the republic of Genoa; more than one De Bazan was a distinguished admiral of Spain; and the names of Duperré, Baudin, Allemand, Villeneuve, De Jonquières, and Tréhouart pervade the French '*Annuaire de la Marine*' from generation to generation. Martin Harpertsz Tromp found a worthy successor in his son Cornelis. Several members of the family of De Ruijter are on the Dutch naval roll of fame; and the Evertsens and Van Wasseenaers are as ubiquitous in Dutch maritime history as the Van de Veldes are in Dutch maritime art of the seventeenth century. Even in the United States, which have not yet existed as such for a century and a half, the same kind of thing is already noticeable.

But nowhere is the persistence of the naval spirit in families so steady and so remarkable as in the British Islands. On the first day of the twentieth century, among the British admirals who had their flags flying in various parts of the world were a Seymour, a Hotham, a Scott, a Bedford, a Bruce, and a Watson. All these belong to persistent naval families, which have supplied officers to the service for the greater part of two centuries, and in some cases for longer. Nothing, indeed, is much more common than to find in the Navy of to-day an officer whose father, grandfather, and great-grandfather have served before him, and most of whose relatives have been either the children or the parents of naval officers, if not themselves naval officers or the wives of such.

The subject is an interesting one. In the Navy, when a man contracts an unconquerable predilection for an ocean life he is jokingly said to be 'web-footed.' I am not prepared to suggest that people who spend much of their time at sea acquire any physical peculiarities which distinguish them visibly from their fellow-creatures; but it might be worth the while of some keen student of heredity to inquire whether or not salt water, the fumes of powder, and what the ballad calls the 'nasty smell of pitch and tar,' get into the blood, saturate the brain and tissues, and are handed down to the descendants of all who, during a long course of years, have dwelt amid such surroundings. I have another theory to account for the persistence of the naval spirit in British families. Before I attempt to state it, let me call attention to some cases in point.

For a few years towards the middle of the sixteenth century, no family in England was so powerful as that of the Wiltshire Seymours. Of the children of Sir John Seymour of Wolf Hall, a soldier and country gentleman of no very great distinction, one, Jane, became a Queen and the mother of a King. Another, Edward, became the powerful but unfortunate Protector Somerset. A third, Thomas, married a queen dowager, and was Lord High Admiral of England; and a fourth, Henry, though less well known, was in his day a soldier and seaman of repute, and a Knight of the Bath. The line of Queen Jane Seymour died out with her son, Edward VI. Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudley, husband of Queen Catherine Parr, by whom he left no issue, sought, after her death, to win the hand of her who was afterwards Queen Elizabeth; but he was seized, and beheaded, without trial, by order of his brother Edward, the Protector. Edward, who was made in rapid succession Viscount Beauchamp, Earl of Hertford, Baron Seymour of Hache, and Duke of Somerset, was attainted and executed in 1552; but he left children from whom are descended the Dukes of Somerset and the Marquesses of Hertford of the existing creations. Sir Henry Seymour, K.B., who led a somewhat less stormy life than Edward, Thomas, and Jane, founded a large family, which settled in Ireland, and which to-day is represented by several branches.

These various Seymours have made themselves remarkable in many ways, as courtiers, as soldiers, and as statesmen; yet nowhere have they gained more eminence than in the Royal Navy. The life of Sir Thomas, the Lord High Admiral, who was

also Master-General of the Ordnance, has been written by Mr. John Maclean, F.S.A. His brother Henry served under him at sea in 1544, in an effort to victual Boulogne, and was wrecked near Dartmouth while in command of one of the transports. A somewhat more distant kinsman of the Protector Somerset, Lord Henry Seymour, served with much bravery and credit as Vice-Admiral in the *Rainbow* against the Spanish Armada in 1588. A humbler scion of the family, Captain Hugh Seymour, died gallantly in command of the *Foresight* on the occasion of Albemarle's victory over De Ruijter on July 25, 1666. Two or three years later, Sir Edward Seymour, Bart., a lineal descendant of the Protector by his first wife, Catherine Fillol, held the important office of Treasurer of the Navy. But it was not until a hundred years afterwards that the Seymours definitely took their place as one of the greatest and most famous of the naval families of Great Britain. From the third quarter of the eighteenth century down to the last days of the nineteenth, the name of Seymour, and the race of Sir John Seymour of Wolf Hall, have, I suspect, been more often mentioned in naval despatches than any other name and stock.

The systematic revival of the ancient naval glories of the family began about the year 1760 with the entry into the service of Lord Hugh Seymour, fifth son of Francis, second Baron Conway, who, in 1750, had been created Viscount Beauchamp and Earl of Hertford. Lord Hugh became a captain at the age of twenty in 1779; in command of the *Latona* assisted in the relief of Gibraltar in 1782; in command of the *Leviathan* fought in Lord Howe's victory on 'the glorious first of June' 1794; as a rear-admiral in the *Sanspareil* took part in the action off Groix in 1795; was a Lord of the Admiralty for three years subsequently; then assumed command of the Leeward Islands and Jamaica station, and, in that capacity, captured Surinam in 1799; and died, with his flag still flying, in September 1801, being then a Vice-Admiral, though little more than forty-one. His eldest son, George Francis Seymour, entered the Navy in 1797, and was with his father at the surrender of Surinam. Later he served under Nelson in the *Victory*; but on Trafalgar day, when he was serving in the *Donegal*, his ship happened to be detached from the fleet, though she rejoined in time to assist in taking possession of one of the Spanish vessels which had been beaten on that glorious occasion. He bore a part in the victory off San Domingo in 1806,

and in Cochrane's action in Basque Road in 1809; served continuously to the end of the war; attained flag rank in 1841; was a Lord of the Admiralty from 1841 to 1844, and commander-in-chief in the Pacific from that year until 1848; and, after having held various other appointments, died an Admiral of the Fleet and a G.C.B. in 1870. He married the daughter of an Admiral, the Hon. Sir George Cranfield Berkeley, G.C.B., as distinguished as himself; and his second son, George Henry Seymour, died a Vice-Admiral and a C.B. in 1869. He had served in the Russian war and as his father's flag-captain at Portsmouth.

One of Sir George Francis Seymour's brothers was Sir Horace Beauchamp Seymour, a colonel in the army and a M.P. This gentleman was the father of Frederick Beauchamp Paget Seymour, better known as Admiral Lord Alcester, the sailor who bombarded Alexandria in 1882. Another of Sir George Francis Seymour's brothers, Frederick William Charles, himself entered the Navy, but did not long continue the active pursuit of his profession.

So much for the Hertford branch of the family. The Somerset branch has given less freely to the service; but Lieutenant Edward William Seymour, who was in the *Glasgow* at the bombardment of Algiers, and his brother, Captain Francis Edward Seymour, who was an acting lieutenant in the *Centaur* at the capture of the *Sevolod* in 1808, belonged to that stem. More famous are the Irish branches.

In 1768, the Rev. John Seymour, a clergyman in county Limerick, who had married a daughter of the house of Hobart, was presented with a son, whom he named Michael, and whom I may distinguish as Michael I. The lad, who entered the Navy at the age of twelve, became one of the most brilliant and successful officers of his day—a day, be it remembered, when among his contemporaries were Nelson, the Hoods, and Cochrane.

Michael I. got his first taste of hard fighting in 1782, when his ship, the *Mediator*, Captain the Hon. John Luttrell, fought five French and American flûtes and storeships, and, single-handed, captured three of them. As a lieutenant he lost an arm in the battle of the 1st of June, 1794; and, having been made a commander in 1795, and a captain in 1800, proceeded to distinguish himself in an almost unexampled manner. In 1808, in the *Amethyst*, 42, with but 261 men, he fought and captured the French frigate *Thétis*, 44, which had no fewer than 436 men on board, including troops, and which lost 237 persons killed and wounded in the course of the three hours' struggle. For this

exploit he was granted a gold medal. A year later, being still in the *Amethyst*, he met another French ship of superior force, the *Niémén*, 46, with 339 men on board. He killed 47 of them, wounded 73, and forced the rest to surrender. His rewards were a knighthood, closely followed by a baronetcy, a sword from the Patriotic Fund, and the freedom of Limerick and Cork. In 1815 he was made a K.C.B., and after his attainment of flag rank he was commander-in-chief on the South America station until his death in 1834. He had married the daughter of a gallant naval captain, James Hawker, and by her had a large family, including two sons who entered the Navy. One of these, Edward, died a commander in 1837, at the age of 33. The other, and elder, Michael I.'s third son, was Michael II., who entered the service in 1813 and died Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom and a G.C.B. in 1887. This celebrated officer was Captain of the Fleet in the Baltic in 1854, third in command in the same sea in 1855, commander-in-chief in China during the second Chinese war, when, as again in 1900, the Taku forts were captured, and commander-in-chief at Portsmouth in 1863.

Michael I., who, by the way, had a gallant brother who was killed first lieutenant of the *Amazon*, 38, in the ever-memorable action with the *Belle Poule* in 1806, was succeeded in his baronetcy by his eldest son, John Hobart, a well-known clergyman, who in 1842 assumed the surname of Culme before his patronymic, and who died in 1880. He left his honours to his eldest son, the present Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, G.C.B., who was commander-in-chief at Portsmouth for the three years beginning in August 1897, and who had previously seen much active service in Burmah, the Baltic, the Crimea, and, under his uncle, Michael II., in the China war.

In addition to the two sons who entered the Navy, to the second baronet, and to other sons who served in the army, Michael I. had a son named Richard, who took holy orders. This gentleman became the father of the present Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour, G.C.B., the hero of the gallant and devoted attempt to succour the besieged legations at Peking in 1900. He, unfortunately, is a bachelor; but Sir Michael Culme-Seymour's son and heir, Michael Culme II., is in the service, and there are other youngsters of the stock in the Navy, awaiting opportunities for emulating the exploits of their kith and kin.

Not even yet have I exhausted the naval Seymours of Ireland.

The Seymours of whom I have just been speaking trace their descent through a certain John Seymour, of Limerick, who died in 1735, and who was the common ancestor of that branch of the family which holds the baronetcy, and of the Seymours of Castle-town, Queen's County. Several of these have entered the Navy at different times, notably Commander Stephen Seymour, who was drowned on the occasion of the loss of his sloop, the *Arab*, in 1796, at the age of twenty-eight; and his nephews, John Crossley Seymour and Matthew Cassan Seymour, who, though they never attained high rank in the service, both fought under their cousin, Michael I., when the *Thétis* and the *Niémén* were captured, and also did other good work. It would be extremely easy, without having resort to the current Navy List, to add to this long catalogue; but I refrain.

In the history of the Seymours we have examples, which are neither unusual nor even exceptionally remarkable, of families which, during generations, may be said to have devoted their best to the navy. In the eighteenth century the Parkers and others did very much as the Seymours did in the nineteenth; and it may be of interest briefly to survey the naval services of one or two of the families bearing that once famous name; for it should be known that there are at least four separate Parker families which contributed largely to the Navy, and which, so far as I can ascertain, are not connected together, and certainly bear different arms.

The family of Parker of Basingbourne, Essex, has provided, among others, at least seven distinguished naval officers, including Rear-Admiral Christopher I.—who is described by Charnock as coming 'of a very respectable and ancient family in Ireland,' and who died in 1765—and Admiral of the Fleet Peter I., who was born in 1721, and served with sufficient credit to win the honour of knighthood in 1772. In 1776 he led a tremendous attack on the seaward defences of Charleston, South Carolina, and afterwards co-operated in an attack upon Long Island and in the reduction of Rhode Island. In 1782 he was created a baronet. His son, Vice-Admiral Christopher II., gained glory by the manner in which he led an attack upon San Fernando de Omoa in 1779, and is remarkable as having at one time flown his flag at Spithead while his father's was also flying there. Christopher II.'s son, Admiral Charles Christopher, served in the *Weazel* under his elder brother, Peter II., during

the observation of Cadiz just previous to Trafalgar, and would have shared in the battle had not his ship been despatched by Nelson to carry to Gibraltar news of the sailing of the allies from Cadiz. Peter II., while captain of the *Menelaus*, 38, was killed in a sanguinary affair with the Americans at Bellair, near Baltimore, on August 30, 1814, being then only twenty-eight. His son, Commander Sir Peter III., was but twenty-five when he died. Admiral Sir George Parker, a grandson of Christopher I., served in the *Crescent* at the capture of the *Réunion*, of superior force, in 1793; and in 1809, in the *Stately*, 64, participated in the capture of a Danish 'seventy-four.'

The Parkers of Melford Hall, Suffolk, have provided five or six celebrated officers, among whom was Vice-Admiral Sir Hyde I., Bart., who, after having been round the world with Anson, served with Rodney, and had a most distinguished career as a captain. As a flag-officer he was again with Rodney in the action with de Guichen in April 1780, and in the following year he fought the stubborn action with the Dutch near the Doggerbank. Being sent to the East Indies in the *Cato*, 50, he went down in that ship, probably soon after leaving Rio de Janeiro on December 12, 1782. His son, Admiral Sir Hyde II., served for many years with his father, was knighted in return for work done during the American war, assisted in Lord Howe's relief of Gibraltar and in the action which followed, was present at the occupation of Toulon and the reduction of Corsica, shared in Hotham's two actions with the French, and was Nelson's commander-in-chief at Copenhagen in 1801. Vice-Admiral Hyde III., a son of Hyde II., was almost continuously afloat during the last fifteen years of the French wars, and was Admiral-Superintendent at Portsmouth from 1842 to 1847. His half-brother, Captain Charles, held a dockyard appointment during the last years of his service on the active list. Captain Hyde IV., in command of the *Firebrand*, was shot through the heart while attacking a Russian stockade in the Sulina mouth of the Danube in 1854.

Two other baronetcies have been conferred upon officers of the name of Parker for naval services. Vice-Admiral Sir William Parker, I., first baronet, of Harburn, Warwickshire, distinguished himself in command of the *Audacious* in Lord Howe's action in 1794, and, as a junior flag-officer, in Jervis's victory off Cape St. Vincent in 1797. It was for this last service that the baronetcy

was awarded him. He died in 1802, leaving his honours to his eldest son, Captain William George Parker, R.N., who enjoyed them until his death in 1848. The baronetcy of Parker of Shenstone was conferred, in 1844, upon another Sir William Parker (II.), a G.C.B., who was a nephew of the great Lord St. Vincent, and who, in the words of O'Byrne, 'excited the admiration and secured the friendship of the immortal Nelson,' especially by his behaviour during the observation of Toulon. In later years he commanded-in-chief in China during the war of 1841-2, in the Mediterranean, and at Devonport, dying, in 1866, an Admiral of the Fleet and first and principal A.D.C. to the Queen. He was long known as 'the last of Nelson's captains.' There have been many other naval Parkers, whose relationships I have not been able to identify. Most of them, I suspect, belonged to one of the above-mentioned four families—few to the immediate families of the Earls of Morley and of Macclesfield, though the Hyde Parkers and the Earls of Morley have a common ancestry.

In numerous cases the naval predilection would seem to have been handed down from father to child without break for generations. Thus at the end of the eighteenth century there were two distinguished brothers, Admiral William Dickson, who died in 1803, and Admiral Archibald Dickson I., who, having been created a baronet in 1802, died, like his brother, in the year following. Archibald I. left no male issue; but his only daughter, Elizabeth, having acquired 'the custom of the sea,' married Rear-Admiral John Child Purvis. The baronetcy passed to Archibald I.'s nephew (and Admiral William's second son), Archibald Collingwood Dickson, who married a daughter of Admiral John Bourmaster, and died a Rear-Admiral in 1827. Two of his sons, William Dickson II. and Alexander Collingwood Thomas Dickson, entered the service. William II. succeeded as third baronet, and died a Vice-Admiral on the retired list in 1868. He was succeeded by his naval brother as fourth baronet. Sir A. C. T. Dickson, who was then a retired Captain R.N., died in 1884, when, apparently, the title lapsed. Another naval member of this family, Archibald II., died a Captain in 1836.

The naval baronetcy of Hamond, though it is not extinct, had for a time a somewhat similar history. Captain Andrew Snape Hamond I. was made a baronet in 1783 for services in the American war, and, after long office as a Commissioner of the

Navy, died in 1828. He was succeeded by his son, who, as Sir Graham Eden Hamond, died an Admiral in 1862. He was succeeded as third baronet by his son, who died Vice-Admiral Sir Andrew Snape Hamond II. in 1874. This officer had an only brother, Graham William Eden Hamond, who died a Commander in 1847.

Among other baronetcies the history of which has been long and intimately connected with the Navy are those of Douglas of Carr, Douglas of Springwood, Hamilton of the Mount, Hamilton of Trebinshun, King of Bellevue, Hughes, Knowles of Lovell Hill, Louis of Chelston, Ogle of Worthy, Otway of Brighthelmstone, and Pasley of Craig. The naval history of the Ogles is a very long one indeed, beginning as it does with Sir Chaloner Ogle I., Kt., who entered the service towards the close of the seventeenth century, and died Admiral of the Fleet in 1750. His nephew (Charnock wrongly says his son), Chaloner Ogle II., died an Admiral in 1816, having been made a baronet a few months before. Burke has it that Chaloner I. died without issue; but I incline, nevertheless, to believe that he was the father of Chaloner Ogle III., who, whatever may have been his parentage, was made a Lieutenant in 1745 and a Captain in 1762, and who retired in 1790. The first baronet's eldest son, Sir Charles Ogle, died an Admiral of the Fleet in 1858. A kinsman of his, Thomas Ogle, died a retired Admiral in 1886 at the age of ninety-two; a nephew of Sir Charles, Graham, died a Captain on the retired list in 1871; and the present baronet, the seventh, Sir Henry Asgill Ogle, a grandnephew of Sir Charles, is a retired Captain R.N. Thus for upwards of two hundred years, without a day's break, there has always been at least one Ogle of this family in the service; and two of its members have reached the exceptional rank of Admiral of the Fleet, the equivalent of the military rank of field-marshal.

Sir Robert Waller Otway I., the first baronet of his family, who died a most distinguished Admiral in 1846, had a kinsman, somewhat his senior, Vice-Admiral William Albany Otway, who died in 1815. Robert Waller thought so well of the service that he put into it his three sons, Robert Waller II., Charles Cooke, and George Graham Otway; his nephew, Robert Jocelyn Otway, and a young cousin, Robert Otway; having previously taken to himself as wife Clementina, daughter and co-heiress of Admiral John Holloway. Robert Waller II. was prevented from reaching

a higher rank than that of Commander by falling from his horse and breaking his neck in Hyde Park. Charles Cooke was likewise deprived prematurely of his prospects of advancement by being lost in the *Victor*, of which he was Commander, in 1842. George Graham, the third son, lived to succeed to the baronetcy, and died a Captain R.N. in 1881. Robert Jocelyn was a retired Admiral when he died in 1884. Robert, I believe, never advanced beyond the rank of Commander.

Not every old and distinguished naval family, however, has won a baronetcy. No stock has a more glorious record, as well for personal gallantry and devotion as for long and arduous service in the Navy, than that of Faulknor. At the beginning of the eighteenth century there were in the Navy two officers of the name. One, Robert I., commanded successively the *Dispatch* and the *Otter*, and appears to have died in 1712. The other, William, who, I suspect, was a brother, died a Captain and Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital in 1725, leaving a son, Samuel Faulknor I., who became a Captain in 1736, and who was Sir John Balchen's flag-captain in the *Victory* when that splendid first-rate, with over a thousand souls, was lost on the Caskets in October 1744. Samuel I. left three sons who entered the Navy. One, Samuel II., attained post rank in 1746, after having distinguished himself against the rebels in Scotland. He served almost continuously until his death in 1760. Another of the sons of Samuel I., Jonathan Faulknor I., became a captain in 1759, and in 1778 was in command of the present *Victory* when she bore the flag of Admiral Keppel. He died in 1795, soon after his promotion to the rank of Admiral of the Blue, leaving a son, Jonathan II., who died a Rear-Admiral in 1809.

The third naval son of Samuel I. was Robert Faulknor II., the friend of Anson, Howe, Barrington, and Cornwallis. He was wounded under Vernon at Cartagena, in 1741, when he was but fifteen; was present in Byng's action with *La Galissonnière* in 1756; and was posted in 1757. In the *Bellona*, 74, in 1761, having the *Brilliant*, 36, in company, he fought a most gallant action with the French *Courageux*, 74, *Malicieuse*, 36, and *Hermione*, 36, inflicting frightful loss upon the French 'seventy-four,' and ultimately capturing her. It is related of Faulknor, who had taken the most elaborate precautions to ensure success, that, upon hearing a seaman express dejection when the *Bellona's* mizen-mast went over the side early in the fight, he cried: 'Damn your

liver, you rascal ! What has a two-decked ship to do with a mizen-mast in time of action ? See, and knock away his mizen-mast.' The prize had immense treasure on board. So had the *Bellona*. When a French officer told Faulknor that he had made a rich capture, Robert II. replied : ' By Jove, I gave you a chance for a better. There is 100,000*l.* in the hold. You might have divided without agency.' This exploit gained Faulknor a good wife in the person of a Miss Elizabeth Ashe, though it did not procure him any special reward from the Admiralty ; for in the last years of his life he failed to obtain a ship, and when he died in 1769 he was living at Dijon, apparently in poor circumstances.

Robert II. left three sons, including a posthumous one, all of whom entered the Navy. Edward, the second son, died while still a lieutenant. Francis William Humphrey, the posthumous one, never rose beyond the rank of commander. But the eldest son, Robert III., deserves to be recollected as one of the greatest heroes of British history. He was born in 1763, and was the first youngster ever admitted to the then newly established Royal Naval Academy at Portsmouth. He went to sea in 1777 under Cornwallis, in Howe's fleet. In 1780 he was made a Commander, and in 1794 a Captain. His promotion to post rank was won while he was in the *Zebra*, 16, at the capture of Fort Royal, Martinique. His sloop, and the *Asia*, 64, were ordered to enter the harbour ; but the *Asia* failed to get in. In describing what happened, Sir John Jervis wrote :

Captain Faulknor, observing that ship baffled in her attempts, and the *Zebra* having been under a shower of grapeshot for a great length of time (which he, his officers, and ship's company stood with a firmness not to be described), he determined to undertake the service alone ; and he executed it with matchless intrepidity and conduct, running the *Zebra* close to the wall of the fort ; and, leaping overboard at the head of his men, he assailed and took this important post before the boats could get on shore, although they rowed with all the force and animation which characterise English seamen in the face of an enemy. No language of mine can express the merit of Captain Faulknor upon this occasion ; but as every officer and man in the army and squadron bears testimony to it, this incomparable action cannot fail of being recorded in the page of history.

This would have been high praise from any one ; but it was extraordinarily enthusiastic praise from so sober and splendid an officer as Jervis ; and, indeed, the man who could board a strong fort from a small sloop deserved it. Faulknor, in a letter to his mother, mentions that his sloop was cheered as she went out of action, and that Jervis embraced him publicly on the quarter-

deck of the flagship, and ordered the band to play 'See the Conquering Hero comes;' and he adds, 'Such compliments are without example in the Navy. I never could have deserved them.' But he did deserve them. His exploit in the *Zebra* was no isolated and chance exhibition of hot-headed bravery. He continued to behave as gallantly, and he lost his life when but two-and-thirty, in an affair which was not less remarkable than that which had won him his post rank.

In January, 1795, being in command of the *Blanche*, 32, and having fourteen of his people away in prizes, he met the French frigate *Pique*, 38, a ship of very superior force in every respect, and with some trouble induced her to accept action. After five hours' fighting, much of which was at the closest quarters, and during which both ships were reduced to wrecks, the enemy struck, having lost, out of 400 men, 76 killed, 110 wounded, and 30 carried overboard by the fall of her masts, and drowned; or, in all, considerably more than half her complement. Faulknor fell while, says a French historian, in the act of a second time lashing the bowsprit of the *Pique* to the capstan of his own frigate. His fate made a great impression throughout his country. A monument to his memory was placed in St. Paul's Cathedral; his heroism was eulogised in the House of Commons; and, in the May following his death, an interlude, entitled 'The Death of Captain Faulknor,' was performed at Covent Garden Theatre.

Two other members of this ancient naval family entered the service at about the time of this brave man's death—Jonathan Faulknor III., a son of Jonathan II., who became a lieutenant in 1813, but who died in that rank, and another, who died still more prematurely; but the name, unfortunately, no longer appears in the Navy List.

Of naval peerages the most noteworthy are the three held by the great naval family of Hood—Hood (1782), Bridport (1794), and Hood of Avalon (1892), a family which also holds a naval baronetcy. The first Lord Hood, Sir Samuel Hood I., K.B., won his first step in the peerage for his victory over de Grasse; and his brother, the first Lord Bridport, Alexander Hood II., was given his for his share in the battle of 'the glorious first of June.' Lord Hood of Avalon (Admiral Sir Arthur William Acland Hood, G.C.B.) was several times a Lord of the Admiralty. The first baronet, Hood of Tidlake, was Admiral Sir Samuel Hood II., K.B., who was so created in 1809. Captain Alexander Hood I., elder

brother of this Samuel, was so distinguished an officer that he could have scarcely failed to gain at least another baronetcy for the family, had he not fallen in 1798 while commanding the *Mars*, 74, in a successful action with the French *Hercule*, 74. He had previously accompanied Cook in one of that famous circumnavigator's voyages. Lord Hood of Avalon was his grandson, and a grandnephew of Sir Samuel Hood II., Bart. Other naval peerages whose scions have adhered more or less faithfully for long periods to the service, are those of Exmouth (Pellew), Gardner, Graves, Hotham, Radstock (Waldegrave), and Torrington (Byng). Nelson, of course, left no children by his ill-starred marriage; but it is interesting to know that the family of Horatia, Nelson's 'adopted daughter,' is represented in the Navy to-day.

I do not think that it is as common to find families with a very pronounced military tendency as it is to find them with a very pronounced naval one. The Army has always been the more fashionable of the two services, and the Navy has ever been somewhat of a 'mystery' except to its initiates. Thus, while there is probably no family of any standing in the three kingdoms which has not sent some of its sons into the Army, there must be many families which have never contributed a youngster to the Navy. People feel, and with some justice, that the Navy is to a great extent a close guild, like a city company or freemasonry. They do not feel the same about the Army, which does much of its work under the popular eye, and which, especially since the inception of the volunteer movement, is, in at least one of its developments, familiar to every one. If a major in the Royal Truncers were to walk, some fine afternoon, along the most fashionable street of London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, in his uniform, he would excite but little remark; and every small boy would recognise at once that the stranger was a soldier. But if the Captain of H.M.S. *Swaggerer* were to do the like, he would be mistaken by some for a railway guard, and by others for a police inspector; and for every ten passers-by who could tell the major's rank by glancing at his distinctive badges, there would be, I am sure, not two who could determine whether the naval officer was a captain, a commander, a fleet-engineer, or a staff-paymaster. The Navy does its work at a distance, and far away from the popular gaze. Its customs are not the customs of landmen; its very language is not quite the same as the vulgar tongue; and so, whereas any man who can afford it is apt to send his son into the Army

without much hesitation, few men, unless they know more than most of their fellows know about the senior service, care to run the apparent risk of launching their boys upon a career which involves long periods of absence from home, early devotion to what is (quite wrongly) imagined to be great hardship, and a life of perpetual danger.

But the remarkable persistence of the naval tendency in a great number of families seems to indicate that when a man does take courage to don the *robur et æs triplex*, and commit his fragile bark to the wild sea, he usually discovers that the element is so very much kinder than he had suspected that he gladly sends his sons, his nephews, and his grandsons on similar voyages, feeling that while the *profanum vulgus* is frightened by a bogey, he who has the knowledge of experience can privily recommend the Navy as perhaps the best of the professions.

It always appears to me that naval officers are concerned to bolster up the common error, that the Navy is a sad and unsatisfactory calling. They grumble openly about the service; they lament their own hard fate; they assure the ignorant world that life on board ship is a kind of purgatory. And, if you will observe, they then marry, and beget sons; and, instead of putting all those sons into counting-houses, or government offices on shore, or the Army, the Church, or the medical profession, they almost invariably slip one or more of them into the Navy.

Every profession has its trace of harmless quackery; and the quackery of the Navy is that it is withal so wretched a service that it must be kept, as far as possible, at the exclusive disposal of the families of naval officers.

One cannot blame the service. It is an excellent and most glorious profession; but, at present, much of its excellence, from the point of view of the old naval officer with sons, results from the fact that it is still, to a large extent, a close corporation. It is not as close as it used to be; and I have heard old admirals declare that it has gone to the dogs since the days when flag-officers on distant stations could advance young officers according to their own benevolent wills, and, upon hauling down their flags, were entitled to promote some lieutenant, who was none the less deserving if he happened to be a son or a nephew of the promoter. The service is certainly not as delightfully corrupt as it was a hundred, and not as deliciously nepotistic as it was fifty, years ago. But not even now is it quite spoilt for

the old officer who desires, as he should desire, to help his young kinsman along the road of life. There are still such things as nominations for cadetships; and it is still much easier for the son of a naval officer than for the son of any one else to obtain a nomination. There are still such things as promotions from the royal yacht, and interest at the Admiralty; and selection by an admiral of a friend's son as his flag-lieutenant; and special application, rarely refused, by a flag-officer for certain officers to serve with him in his flagship. In fact, there are still a score of quiet ways whereby a senior officer, with good dispositions, may help his young friends in the Navy. I must not mention names, but every one conversant with the ordinary talk of wardrooms knows that Lieutenant A. is certain of early promotion because his father was a distinguished Admiral, and his cousin a Lord of the Admiralty; while B., who is an equally good officer—neither of the two being particularly brilliant—will never be promoted unless he should chance to win distinction for himself. I do not say that it is altogether a bad system, or that it always works great personal injustice; for, at present, people who know do not usually send their sons into the Navy unless they have relatives or interest to back them.

But I do say that we might have a much better system. The Navy ought to be completely thrown open, as the Army already is, to competition, if we would have it the truly popular service which it should be. While it is in every way natural and fitting that sons and grandsons of naval officers should tread in the footsteps of their distinguished progenitors, it is certainly not desirable, in the best interests of the country, that they should so tread to the exclusion of better men who do not happen to have naval forebears. For it must not be imagined that scions of old naval families generally turn out well in the Navy, or that men who have no naval connections generally turn out badly. There is absolutely no rule either way; and experience shows that a non-naval family is quite as capable as the oldest naval family in the empire of producing that by no means too common genus, the all-round first-rate officer.

It would be well worth the while of the British voter to insist upon the Navy being thrown open, and upon all promotion being made according to tested merit only, instead of, as at present, by favouritism, seniority, and backstairs influence as well; for the change would certainly benefit the voter as much as it would

benefit the country. It is no unimportant consideration that the young naval officer, say from the age of two-and-twenty onwards, is perfectly competent, if only he will refrain from unnecessary extravagances, to support himself upon his pay. In the Army the youngster of the same age is not in the same advantageous position. He requires from his parents or guardians a grant in aid for many years afterwards, and often, indeed, for the entire duration of his service. It is not so much that naval pay is good, as that naval expenses are small; and it is to the credit of the service that such is the case. I should, however, like to see the Navy, with all its advantages, honours, and emoluments, as freely open to the sons of all as it now is to the relatives of naval officers, or, as the Army already is, to the sons of all who can afford the luxury. I do not, of course, intend to insinuate that, even now, there is any great difficulty in the way of the father who, though devoid of naval connections, desires to secure a nomination for his son, provided that the father be a man of a certain not very exalted social position. But I am sure that all unprejudiced naval officers will agree with me that, rightly or wrongly, the son of the layman without influence must, at present, enter the service with chances far less bright than those of the son or grandson of an admiral, or the nephew of a rising captain. It is not well that this should be. In a service upon which the welfare of a great empire so closely depends, we want an absolutely fair field for all.

While, therefore, it is pleasant to dwell upon the service careers, generation after generation, of the members of certain families, it is permissible to hope that, in the future, the old naval families will have less, and the non-naval families more, to do with a service which should be the ambition of at least one boy in every large British household. The 'old navy,' I know, will not welcome changes which will have the effect of depriving the old naval families of the remains of their once all-powerful special privileges; but the changes must come, if we are ever to have in the Navy what we ought to have there—namely, the pick of the youngsters of the race.

WM. LAIRD CLOWES.

THE READING PUBLIC.

BY ANDREW LANG AND 'X,' A WORKING MAN.

THE Reading Public was an entity for which Coleridge entertained the greatest aversion and contempt. Perhaps his motive was that, whatever the public read, it certainly did not read the works of S. T. Coleridge, neither did it rapidly exhaust the editions of his friend Wordsworth :

They lie on Longman's shelves, and oh !
The difference to him,

says the mimetic poet. On the other hand, the public did read the poems of Scott, concerning which Coleridge used a perfectly unquotable but humorous phrase to describe the ease with which he himself could turn out 'Ladies of the Lake' and 'Lays of the Last Minstrel'—if he chose. Of course, the public would have replied in the schoolboy phrase, 'Then why don't you jolly well go and do it?' But Coleridge never could go and do it. He secreted, so to speak, a few rare and lovely pearls of verse in the course of some twenty years. Nobody will deny that his pearls have more of the glow and mystery of poetry than, say, a manufactured article like 'Rokeby.' But there was no story in them, or none that the public could understand, and there was a dreamy mist around them (they are 'useless,' said Mr. Ruskin); and Coleridge was only a queer opium-fed gentleman of the press, who had been a Unitarian preacher, with nothing to excite public curiosity. Thus as 'only minstrels list of sonneting,' only poets like Byron and Scott applauded 'Christabel,' and 'Kubla Khan,' and 'The Ancient Mariner;' even Wordsworth used faint praise, and regretted that the Ancient Mariner showed so few marks of his profession. I know not how William Wordsworth could have marked the profession of the seaman; probably by making him employ the simple and forcible language of the fo'c'sle (whatever that portion of a vessel may be). To be sure, the Mariner *does* talk of 'the bloody sun;' which seems in keeping with nautical usage. Perhaps Wordsworth would have liked

'Now douse my lights,' that old man said,
'My scuppers dash,' said he,
'And we did only spit to break
The stillness of the sea.'

No doubt this manner is, technically, more briny and professional than the manner of the Ancient Mariner. However, the public would not read Coleridge, so Coleridge despised his 'reading public.' The truth is that *poetry* was not really what the public of 1804-1820 wanted, though by purchasing largely of Scott and Byron it gave a false impression that poetry was its delight. The public, unconsciously, thirsted for novels, and no novels were given unto it. Therefore it fell back on the tales in verse of Scott and Byron, just because they were tales, though rhymed. Wordsworth, Keats, Reynolds, and Coleridge gave no *story*; none knows who married Christabel, if anybody, or what the other mysterious lady had to make in the matter; and there is no love interest in 'The White Doe of Rylstone.' So all these were neglected, while the rhymed novels of Scott and Byron 'sold like hot cakes,' to use an impressive phrase of Mr. Kipling's applied (see advertisements) to the romances of Mr. Guy Boothby.

When once the Waverley Novels began, in 1814, the public showed its real taste by at once ceasing to buy poetry. Even in 1842 Tennyson 'made a sensation' in the trade by selling—500 copies of his poems!

One of the firm of Longmans, testifying before a Parliamentary Committee about 1834, declared that from 1814 onwards people left off forming libraries and buying erudite books. All was now novels and popular manuals of cheap science and twopenny history, as at present. The reading public, in short, had only purchased poetry and history because between Mrs. Radcliffe and Scott there was an entire dearth of readable prose fiction. Thus the reading public was virtuous for want of temptation, and, even when virtuous, would not read Keats, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. Now S. T. C. knew that he was 'a wonderful man,' as Wordsworth said, and that the reading public was entirely indifferent to his merits. He was obliged to write for the newspapers! Contrasting his conscious merits with the public neglect, he conceived that lifelong and often-expressed contempt of his for 'the reading public.' He had the secret of the painful earth mapped out in his mind, so he thought; yet there was no encouragement to publish. The world cared no more for his solution of the secret than, according to Mark Twain, housemaids care for the 'Immortality of the Soul.' Nor do I think that the world was wrong in this want of interest.

Many, perhaps most, artists, and all authors (except the authors

who enjoy 'booms'), share the sentiments of Coleridge. I am conscious that my own opinion of the reading public would be much more cordial if the public adored my works as they adore those of—several quite inferior writers. On analysing this mood, like the hero of 'Happy Thoughts,' I detect traces of egotism. Possibly others are not much more to be trusted; but we are all vexed when what we sincerely admire, the work perhaps of total strangers, is neglected, while what we condemn has the market assigned to hot cakes. Our intellectual interests and those of the reading public are distinct. I cannot understand why the historical essays of Mr. Horace Round are less eagerly purchased than the novels of Mr. —. These I really cannot read at all; I fume, I throw the book often into the fire, or often into the water; while an essay on Knights' Fees, or Glamorgan's Treaty (nice character for a novel, Glamorgan!), holds me as with the glittering eye of the Ancient Mariner.

Another grievance I have against that otherwise exemplary institution, the London Library. Entering its stately hall, I find old, fourth-rate, three-volumed novels to right, to left, and in front of me. But I cannot get the 'Journal of the Anthropological Institute.' The library ceased to subscribe after 1890. How like the reading public that is! Here we are with at least as much Empire as we know what to do with, an Empire teeming with millions of subjects, from the myriads of an ancient civilisation in India to the dark crowds of Central Africa, the chivalrous Maoris, the waning hordes of Australia (the earliest-known representatives of humanity), the tribes of British Columbia, with their extraordinary institutions, and so forth. And here, on the other side, is a periodical (the 'J. A. I.') which contains the results of scientific study of these inhabitants of our Empire. Even in a practical way, not to speak of scientific interest, it is worth while for us, and it is our duty, to know about them and their condition. But the reading public, yea, the pick of the reading public, the London Library public, does not want to know, will not collectively give a guinea (or a couple of guineas, is it?) annually, to procure the means of knowledge. Meanwhile the shelves are full of forgotten novels in three volumes. In the same way, in the library of an ancient seat of learning, an old haunt of professors and the learned, I have often found my paper-knife the first that ever burst into books, from works of 1760 to those of Mr. Max Müller, which surely are not arid and 'rebarbative,' like those

Central Australian deserts which only the regretted Mr. David Carnegie ever explored.

Such facts as these do not redound to the credit of the reading public. Authors who approach that public with almost anything but novels appear to think but lowly of its knowledge and powers of attention. The popular books on history and biography, especially in 'series,' deliberately avoid references to authorities, without which I do not see how history, at least, can be written or read to any purpose. The writers make distinct and trenchant statements on points most complex and disputed, without indicating their sources, and the reading public loves to have it so. They are like the chiefs of—I forget what nasty island tribe—who intoxicate themselves by swigging the juice of a root, which the women extract by the simple process of chewing. Their 'intellectual pabulum' is presented to the public ready chewed, to save public time and thought. The results are hastily swallowed, and as readily forgotten. I lately read a book on a difficult theme, in which the author conciliated his customers by repeated assurances that he was nearly as ignorant as they could be—only a book or two ahead of them. Nor was he too modest.

The question arises, Who do read what? Certainly, the majority of persons engaged in education read very little beyond what they have to 'get up' for their classes and lectures. At the Universities the teaching bodies, apart from the time spent in teaching, pass laborious hours in attending ceaseless meetings of committees. The late Master of Balliol (who made time for his own work—who knows how?) once attended two simultaneous meetings. It was a kind of 'bilocation,' as in the case of saints. The practical man reads all the newspapers, nothing else. Millions of readers peruse only cheap illustrated magazines, which are often wonderfully good, but do not pretend to be literature. Intelligent ladies in the country read quantities of miscellaneous things without an order or an aim, just what the librarian chooses to put into their boxes. The circulating libraries often do not send a book of any special sort; when asked for, 'It is out,' and it never gets an innings. In place of it are sent six-shilling novels which nobody asked for. The wearied applicant at last forgets about the book she wanted, and asks for another, and does not get it. As to *buying* a book, he or she would usually as soon think of buying a boa-constrictor, unless he is specially a book-collector. I have

had the amusement of seeing a volume of my own sold for 7*l.* 10*s.*, a volume which, for twenty years, the public would not have at three-and-six. The bookseller helps. Lately a Swedish lady sent for one or two books of mine to 'the trade' of a large town in this country; she then wrote to me complaining of being told that *all* my books were out of print. Now, an author cannot reach the public, and the public cannot get at an author, while booksellers adopt this vigorous policy.

The public, I hasten to say, is no more really indifferent than it ever was. Our learned ancestors would not have formed the libraries which still occupy the shelves of some country houses if any alternative had been open to them. They purchased classics, and folios and quartos, and learned stumpy duodecimos, because, except for a few 'roguish French books' such as Mr. Pepys loved, they could get nothing else. There were no circulating libraries till about the middle of the eighteenth century, and these are described in 'The Rivals.' There were few newspapers, no illustrated cheap magazines, no flood of novels at six shillings. And there was a prejudice to the effect that a gentleman ought to possess books. One glances at the volumes in old country-house libraries, and asks 'Did people read them?' Very little is said about them, certainly, in old collections of letters, except by people like Horace Walpole. But it was correct to own books; they have not, assuredly, been thumbed.

Reading, after all, is not a human duty. Very dull are the deserving people who read for conscience' sake, and actually form themselves into societies to encourage each other and keep up their spirits. The only reading worthy of the name is done 'for human pleasure,' and pleasure is not a duty. To that pleasure only a small minority are sensitive, and I do not think they ought to give themselves airs. They have a taste which some are born with and others without. Judges usually read a great deal; Mr. Darwin and Prince Bismarck were devoted to novels; Napoleon was an omnivorous and rapid reader, conquering whole libraries. Most novelists do not read—oh, the funny 'authorities' whom a certain historical novelist cites with honest pride!—nor, naturally, do reviewers read. Many *grandes dames de par le monde* read abundantly; many statesmen do so, and some boys, girls, undergraduates, and spinsters. I doubt whether the clergy are studious, as many men of the sword decidedly are. In most towns there are studious tradesmen, and lawyers who are dungeons of rare learning.

Miners form clubs to read Mr. George Meredith and other superior authors—so one hears.

Concerning artisans and what they read, I have received a statement from a labourer in one of our large towns. He happens to be a bookworm. I was brought into communication with him through an article of mine in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE on 'Examinations in Fiction.' He answered some very difficult questions set in the old Oxford tract on the school of *Litteræ Fictitiæ*. I asked him about the amount and kind of study done by his laborious comrades: men who have very little leisure, and not, probably, more intellectual energy left for reading than most men engaged in commerce. He replied, and it ought perhaps to be said that he wrote among constant interruptions, and in loquacious company rather hostile to literary composition. What he says about his order is much akin to what most of us might truly say about our own, as far as the pursuit of literature is concerned.

WHAT WORKING-MEN READ—AND DON'T READ.

If one wished to obtain information as to what working-men read—and by that term I refer to men who work with their muscles for a daily or weekly wage—a visit to a free library and a chat with the librarian would seem to be the surest means of attaining that end. I doubt, however, whether the statistics obtained thus could be fairly considered sound, as a large proportion of the borrowers from free libraries are shopkeepers, clerks, assistants, &c., people who cannot, strictly speaking, be described as members of the working-class. The working-man certainly does patronise the free libraries, but not to such an extent as would warrant us in attempting to gauge his literary consumption by the returns in the books of those institutions. The lending department does not gain his appreciation so much as the reading-room, where you will find him engaged with the newspaper or the monthly magazines; of the latter I have noticed that he prefers those with the most profuse illustrations. Personally, I look upon free libraries as a boon to working-men who have a taste for good literature without the necessary means to purchase expensive books, and I regret that working-men generally are not better acquainted with the vast funds of instruction, recreation, and amusement here ready to their hands.

Personal association with working-men, both at the workshop and in their homes, is better qualified to give one a pretty correct

idea of what they do and do not read, and it may not be out of place to mention what my own tastes in reading are, as a labourer. For a working-man, I have been a rather voracious reader ever since leaving school at the age of eleven, and I have dipped, more or less deeply, into every class of literature. Many books I have borrowed from free libraries, and I owe those institutions a debt of gratitude; but my favourites are contained in my own humble bookcase, and a motley-looking lot they are: all sizes of volumes, in all shades and styles of binding; most of them picked up from second-hand book stalls, and in many cases showing signs of wear and tear. There are *Æschylus*, *Shakespeare*, and *Lamb's 'English Dramatic Poets'*, *Milton*, *Byron*, *Cowper*, *Shelley*, *Tennyson*, and *Longfellow* among the poets; as philosophers *Carlyle* and *Bacon*; in political economy, *Adam Smith*; and as novelists, *Scott*, *Dickens*, *Thackeray*, and *Fielding*, together with a couple of volumes of English history, and a score or so of the lesser lights of literature. My prime favourites among these 'literary friends' are *Shakespeare*, *Longfellow*, *Carlyle*, and *Dickens*, but none of them is kept for ornamental purposes; they are all read.

A working-man's—and especially a labourer's—income does not allow him to purchase many copyright works, so my acquaintance with present-day writers is derived through the agency of the lending library, and is mainly confined to novelists, of whom I may mention *Sir Walter Besant*, *George Meredith*, *Thomas Hardy*, *Rider Haggard*, and *Hall Caine* among others I have read, but must beg to be excused from expressing a preference for any one of them.

It is not to be assumed that working-men generally take an interest in the authors I have named; on the contrary, I should find a difficulty in naming a dozen workmen of my acquaintance with whom I could discuss for half an hour all or any of the books in my small library. Were I to take an average working-man, and leave him alone for an hour or two in a room containing my books and a year-old newspaper, I dare wager that on my return I should find him reading—if he were reading at all—the ancient newspaper. I recently heard a fellow workman remark that he had been to hear a debate between a Spiritualist and a Freethinker, and, deeming that was rather an unusual form of amusement, I entered into conversation with him, during which he told me he had read a few of *Dickens's* and *Marryat's* books. He had never read any of *Scott's* works, so I lent him '*Ivanhoe*.'

A week or two later he returned it, and on my asking him his opinion of it, he confessed he had not read it through, because 'there were so many characters in it that he found it impossible to remember them all.' He offered to lend me a book, which he said I was sure to like, and it turned out to be a volume entitled 'Wit and Humour,' consisting of a collection of the paragraphs usually to be found in the (alleged) humorous column of the weekly newspaper. When I declined the offer, the expression on his face showed that he pitied my lack of appreciation of the humorous, and, after I had read aloud to him what I considered to be a very choice extract from one of Mark Twain's books, without raising more than a perfunctory smile, the emotion was mutual.

Still, I have known a few working-men who did take some interest in good literature. There was one—he was a labourer too—whose most treasured literary possession was a paper-covered second-hand volume of Shakespeare's plays. I believe he knew almost all the plays by heart, and he would argue by the hour on the subjects of Hamlet's 'nor-nor-west' madness, or whether Falstaff really deserved such a bad character as many good people credit him with. He believed Shakespeare's to be the greatest mind of all time; and, living not a great way from the bard's birthplace, and being well acquainted with many of the legends concerning him, he considered that the poet's alleged appreciation of good ale rather enhanced than detracted from his merits. My friend was a little perturbed a few years ago when the American, Donnelly, was attempting to prove Bacon's authorship of Shakespeare's works, and he requested from me the loan of Bacon's 'Essays.' When he returned the book his mind was at rest. Bacon, he said, was a wise and clever man, but he could not have written 'Hamlet,' in spite of all the Donellys and cryptograms in the world. Shakespeare was not his only author, though; he had a great admiration for Dryden's 'Virgil,' Pope's 'Odyssey,' and the poetry of Byron and Longfellow. He also read much of Dumas (translated) and Dickens, though he did not care a great deal for Scott as a novelist.

Another workman friend reads nothing absolutely but fiction and poetry, and possesses an extensive stock of both. His library is contained in a good-sized wooden box, where the books are dumped one on top of another in a manner which must prove inconvenient when he wishes to obtain a particular volume which happens to be at the bottom of the box. He believes he has

acquired a considerable knowledge of English history by means of the historical novel, and his favourite writers are Harrison-Ainsworth, Charles Kingsley, and Scott, while among English poets he prefers Macaulay and Tom Hood.

A gunmaker friend of mine holds a high opinion of Gray's 'Elegy'—an opinion which I share—and the verses of a minor poet, Kirke White; but I never discovered that he occupied his leisure moments with any other literature except the daily paper. I accompanied him to his lodgings one evening, and there got into conversation with his landlady (she was a dressmaker, and her husband was employed in a small-arms factory), who surprised me greatly by talking learnedly about geology; in fact she treated me to quite a lecture, which she illustrated with pieces of rock that lay on the chimney-piece. Drifting from geology to literature, she further amazed me by remarking that her favourite writers were Carlyle and Dante (the latter, of course, translated). She was a great exception to the ordinary run of working-women, of whom my experience is that they read little, that little being fiction not of the best kind.¹ Therefore it came somewhat in the nature of a shock to me to find a working-woman taking an interest in Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus' and Dante's 'Inferno,' and I felt inclined to hide my diminished head, for I could boast no acquaintance with Dante beyond what I had read of him in Carlyle's 'Miscellaneous Essays.'

If, however, we take a more extensive field for observation than is furnished by a mere personal acquaintance with working-men, I think the lending-libraries attached to all adult Sunday schools will render a fair estimate of what the more intelligent of the working-class read. These schools are largely attended by the better class of working-men, who have the privilege of borrowing books for a mere nominal charge—about a halfpenny a week in most cases—and a vote of the scholars is usually taken as to what new books shall be purchased. Still, an examination of the records kept of the books lent by these libraries is not calculated to give one a very high opinion of the literary taste of the scholars. At one of these schools that I attended for about two years, I took some little interest in the library, and frequently assisted the librarian in his duties. The principal feature of the library at this school was a rather numerous collection of volumes of poetry by English and American poets, but with the exception of one—

¹ Alas, how like the Sex!—A. L.

Bret Harte's poems—there was little demand for them. Our library contained but a few historical and scientific works, but even so, the number might have been reduced to a cipher without depriving any borrower of his favourite class of literature. The fiction department was pretty well patronised, Dickens, Scott, Lytton, Wilkie Collins, Jerome K. Jerome, and Rider Haggard being most appreciated. There was quite a run on Lytton's novels, while 'Artemus Ward his Book' and Jerome's 'Three Men in a Boat' seldom returned to the library except to be taken out by a fresh borrower. But the books which were most eagerly sought after in this department were the novels of a lady author whom I shall have occasion to refer to again.

This school, whose average attendance was upwards of 400, was situated near to a large railway goods-yard, and a good proportion of the scholars were railwaymen.

Another adult Sunday school that I know is connected with an important engineering concern, and was intended originally, I believe, solely for the employés of the firm, who still number quite five-sixths of the scholars; but at the present time outsiders also are invited to attend. It recently became my duty to overhaul the library of this school, in order to ascertain what books were damaged or incomplete, so that they might be replaced by new ones, and I thus had a splendid opportunity of learning the literary preferences of these engineering scholars by the marks of usage—or non-usage—which the volumes bore, as well as by the librarian's record.

There were about 1,000 volumes in this library, most of them presented by the heads of the firm, and quite one-fourth—rather a disproportionate amount, I thought—were bound volumes of magazines of a semi-religious character. These magazines, some of which had been a considerable number of years in the library, were in excellent condition, and—possibly because their bulky size rendered them cumbrous to carry—did not appear to be much read, the most popular, or rather the least neglected, being those containing illustrations. This library, unlike the last-mentioned, could boast of but a meagre collection of poetry, there being no more than five poets represented, viz. Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Scott, Longfellow, and Eliza Cook, and the first-named seemed to have received the lion's share of what scanty appreciation had been bestowed here; the others were dusty, but showed no traces of service. So far as my knowledge of working-men

extends, I can say that they care little or nothing for poetry, and I venture to assert that if any twenty working-men, taken haphazard, were requested to give an opinion as to which were the greater poem, Gray's 'Elegy' or Kipling's 'Absent-minded Beggar,' the verdict of at least fifteen would be given in favour of the latter. Longfellow's 'Village Blacksmith' might run Kipling's creation somewhat closer in the 'poetical' regard of the British workman; still I am inclined to think it would have to take second place.

In the history and biography section, comprising some 150 volumes, a 'History of the Jews,' by Milman, had received some attention, together with Molesworth's 'History of England,' but J. R. Green's 'Short History of the English People'—a work which should not have lacked appreciative readers—had not been outside the bookcase more than twice. The 'Works of Josephus,' 'History of Rome,' and the works of other historians, ancient and modern, on the shelves of that library may suffer from the ravages of time, but it does not appear probable, from present indications, that they will ever become dilapidated through the ardour of too-appreciative history-students—in this generation at least. In biography, a 'Life of Wellington' seemed to share premier position in the affection of readers with Smiles's 'Lives of the Engineers.' One can readily understand the preference for the last-named, considering the occupation of the scholars; but why the biographies of Robert Stephenson and Thomas Carlyle were comparatively neglected, and such books as 'Lives of British Reformers' and 'Industrial Biography' totally ignored is hard to conjecture. The 'Diary' of quaint old Samuel Pepys seemed never to have been moved since the date of its introduction to the library, so thick was its covering of dust.

Among the scientific works, 'Elements of Geology,' by Sir Charles Lyell, 'Nature Study,' 'Planetary and Stellar World,' 'Hydraulic Engineering,' and 'Experiments in Steel' had a few, a very few, students.

Of the volumes devoted to travel, which were not over numerous, 'Cook's Voyages' enjoyed the greatest measure of popularity.

Hitherto I had found no volumes so damaged by active service as to need replacement; but now I came to the fiction department, and gathered from the battered condition of many of the books that here, at any rate, were authors who suited the tastes of the

scholars. The works of Lytton, Lever, and Charles Kingsley had received a considerable amount of attention, and of the latter's books 'Hypatia' had more readers than 'Hereward the Wake' or 'Westward Ho!'—a fact which I thought rather curious. Charles Reade's 'It is Never too Late to Mend'—the only example of that author—was less favoured than the novels of the foregoing three writers; but George Eliot's 'Romola' and 'The Mill on the Floss,' with Jane Austen's 'Sense and Sensibility,' appeared to be the least popular books in this department. Scott's novels—some ten or twelve volumes—showed signs of hard usage, but two editions—not quite complete—of Dickens's books were in even worse condition, and these two authors were evidently well read. Henry Cockton's 'Valentine Vox' had no lack of readers—among the younger scholars, I should suppose—as was evidenced by its worn cover and thumb-marked pages; and on the last shelf of the library were some twelve or fourteen volumes in the very last stage of dilapidation, awaiting removal by the waste-paper dealer. These books were all by one writer, the lady author who was such a favourite at the other adult school library, Mrs. Henry Wood. A reference to the returns showed that these novels were by far the most popular books in the library, and duplicates were on order to replace the tattered old ones, which had been kept till they almost fell to pieces. I confess the taste of these engineering scholars puzzled me: Mrs. Henry Wood's books literally worn to rags, and George Eliot and Jane Austen unappreciated! I endeavoured to explain the matter by a mental suggestion that doubtless the men took these books home for their wives to read.

On the whole, then, the result of my experience and observation among working-men is that their acquaintance with English literature is slight and mainly confined to fiction—not always of the best. I know for a fact that the daily paper and a few periodicals of the 'bits' variety constitute practically the whole literature of many of the working-class. Working-men read rather to beguile an idle moment than to increase their stock of knowledge, and so like something that will excite their interest or stir the emotions without requiring any special effort of the understanding.

I think my friend's description applies to every class of society, as regards literature and the love of it. To know Shakespeare by heart is as rare in Universities as in railway-works and factories. To be wearied at the day's end, and read nothing that demands

more concentrated attention than an illustrated magazine, is only human nature. We, whose business it is to read and write, have all the day, the fresh morning hours, for what is our delight as well as our study; and really we have no more grounds for despising people otherwise engaged because they do not read than Sir William Richmond has for despising me because I do not occupy my spare hours in drawing in water-colours. The artisans appear, in their choice of novels, to be much on the general level; as regards Fielding, Scott, Thackeray, Marryat, and Dickens, infinitely above the level of many cultured persons. Mrs. Henry Wood is more popular, in all ranks, than Miss Austen. We may remember what Dean Stanley said about that masterpiece, 'East Lynne.' Thackeray himself preferred novels strong, sweet, and hot, rather like the port of which Tennyson said, 'It's strong, and it's black, and it's sweet'—sterling qualities, if not those of the most refined vintages.

One cannot seriously expect the large majority of mankind to be enthusiastically interested about the manners and customs of the Dieri (though I remain shocked by the London Library), nor to excite themselves over the Philosophy of the Unconscious or the mediæval *Cnichtengild*. *Our* 'days among the dead are past,' but the public, like Huckleberry Finn, 'has no use for dead persons.' We live in a world of paper, under a firmament of ink, but it would not be fortunate if all mankind dwelt on such a planet. One book seems to be little known: the authorised translation of the Hebrew Scriptures. A young student in the Oxford History School recently asked me what the Puritans meant by saying, at the Restoration, that England 'hankered after the fleshpots of Egypt'! This student was deep in Hobbes and Stubbs and Clarendon, but had never read Exodus. Religion apart, people should know about Israel in Egypt, for there is an opera on the subject, and it might happen to be matter of reference in conversation.

In other ages, literature and even science were relatively fashionable. French and English society twittered about 'vortices' and des Cartes, about sonnets and 'portraits,' about Locke and Condillac and Montesquieu. But novels and cheap picture magazines did not then compete so powerfully with more refined or more serious things. That old world possessed no 'Tit-Bits,' and is no more to be admired for not reading such literature almost exclusively than my friends, the Dieri, are to be applauded for the temperance of a tribe that possesses no native alcoholic stimulants.

THE TALE OF THE GREAT MUTINY.¹

BY THE REV. W. H. FITCHETT, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF 'DEEDS THAT WON THE EMPIRE.'

XII. DELHI: RETRIBUTION.

THERE remained the great palace, the last stronghold of the Mutiny, a building famous in history and in romance. The 60th Rifles were launched against it, the gates were blown open, and the troops broke their way in. They found it practically deserted. The garrison had fled, the king and his household were fugitives, and the clash of British bayonets, the tramp of British feet, rang through the abandoned halls and ruined corridors of the palace of the Mogul.

The flight of the garrison from the imperial palace had been hastened by a very gallant feat of arms. Between the palace and the bridge crossing the Jumna is a strong fort, a sort of outwork to the palace, called the Selingarh. An officer, Lieutenant Aikman, with a party of Wilde's Sikhs, had been despatched to reconnoitre along the river front. Aikman, who knew the ground thoroughly, and who was of a daring temper, determined to make a dash at the Selingarh, and so prevent the escape of the king and his court across the river. With his handful of Sikhs, he carried the Selingarh with one fierce rush, and seized the passage connecting the rear gate of the palace with the fort, thus plugging up that opportunity for flight. The king, with his court, as it happened, had fled already, but as Aikman held the rear gate of the palace, while the 60th Rifles blew in its front gates, all who remained in it were made prisoners.

That the imperial palace should have been carried almost without loss of life seems wonderful. It proves how completely the spirit of the Sepoys had been broken by the fiery valour of the British assaults. Yet even the capture of the palace was marked by some curious, though isolated, examples of courage on the part of the rebels.

Hope Grant, for example, records that a sentry was found at one of the palace gates dressed and equipped according to

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regulation, and marching up and down on his beat with his musket on his shoulder. 'In a museum at Naples,' he adds, 'are to be seen the skull and helmet of a man who was found buried at his post in a sentry-box in the midst of the lava. The inscription states the occupant to have been a "brave soldier;" but nothing could have been braver or cooler than the conduct of this Sepoy, who must have known that his fate was sealed.' Roberts, who shared in the rush for the palace gates, adds another curious example of Sepoy courage. They found the recesses in the long passage which led to the palace buildings packed with wounded men, but about thirty yards up the passage stood a Sepoy in the uniform of a grenadier of the 37th Native Infantry. The man stood quietly as the British came along the passage, with his musket on his hip. Then he coolly raised his musket and fired at the advancing party, sending his bullet through the helmet of the leading Englishman. Next, dropping his musket to the level, he charged single-handed down on the entire detachment of the 60th, and was killed!

Colonel Jones, who commanded the Rifles, sent a pencilled note to Wilson announcing, with soldier-like brevity, 'Blown open the gate and got possession of the palace.'

At sunrise on the morning of September 21 a royal salute rang over Delhi, its pulses of deep sound proclaiming to all India that the sacred city, the home and stronghold of the revolt, was once more in British hands. That same day Wilson moved in from his rough camp on the Ridge, and established his headquarters in the Dewan-i-khas, the king's private hall of audience.

But if Delhi was captured, the King of Delhi, with all the leading figures in the Mutiny, yet remained free, and might easily become the centre of new troubles. The rebel commander-in-chief felt that the game was up when the Burn Bastion was carried, and he fled from the city that night, carrying with him most of his troops. He urged the king to flee with him, and to renew the war in the open country, where his name would have all the charm of magic on the imagination of the common people. But the king was old and tired. His nerve had been dissolved in the sloth and sensualities of an Indian court. His favourite wife strongly opposed flight, in the interests of her child, whom she hoped to see succeeding the king.

The unhappy monarch, in a word, could neither flee nor stay, and he took refuge in a stately cluster of famous buildings named

Humayon's Tomb, some seven miles out of Delhi. Hodson, the daring and famous captain of Light Horse, ascertained this, and with some trouble extracted from Wilson permission to attempt the capture of the king, with strict instructions to promise him his life. Taking fifty picked men from his regiment, Hodson rode out on one of the most audacious expeditions ever undertaken.

The road to Humayon's Tomb at one point runs underneath a strong tower, where the king had at first taken refuge, and which was still filled with his adherents. Fierce dark faces looked down from its parapets and from every arrow-slit in its walls as Hodson, with his little cluster of horsemen, rode past. But in the Englishman's stern face and cool unfurried bearing there was something which awed those who looked on him, and not a shot was fired as the party rode by on their stern errand.

Hodson and his men reached the spot where the tomb lifts its dome of stainless marble high in the air. In one of the chambers of that great pillar sat, trembling, the last heir of the house of Timour; in the cloisters at its foot were some thousands of the servants and hangers-on of the palace, armed and excited.

For two hours Hodson sat in his saddle before the gate, his men posted—a slender chain of cavalry—round the tomb, while messengers passed to and fro between him and the king. 'Picture to yourself,' says Hodson's brother, when telling the story, 'the scene before that magnificent gateway, with the milk-white domes of the tomb towering up from within. One white man, amongst a host of natives, determined to secure his prisoner or perish in the attempt!'

The king at last consented to deliver himself to Hodson, but only on condition that the latter repeated with his own lips Wilson's promise of safety for his life. Presently he came out, carried in a bullock-carriage, and Hodson spurred his horse forward and demanded his arms. The king asked him whether he were Hodson Bahadur, and if he promised him his life. Hodson gave the required promise, but added grimly that if any attempt were made at a rescue he would shoot the king down like a dog! Then the procession, at a foot walk, moved on to the city, thousands of natives following and gazing in wonder at the lordly figure of that solitary Englishman carrying off their king alone. But Hodson's calm and dauntless bearing acted as a spell on the crowd.

Bit by bit the multitude slunk away, and, with his fifty horse-

men and his group of prisoners, Hodson rode up to the Lahore Gate. 'What have you got in that palkee?' asked the officer on duty. 'Only the King of Delhi!' said Hodson. The clustering guard at the gate were with difficulty kept from cheering. The little group moved up the stately Silver Bazaar to the palace gate, where Hodson delivered over his royal prisoners to the civil officer in charge. 'By Jove, Hodson,' said that astonished official, 'they ought to make you Commander-in-Chief for this!' When Hodson reported his success to Wilson, that general's somewhat ungracious comment was, 'Well, I'm glad you've got him. But I never expected to see either you or him again!'

Hope Grant tells how he went to see the fallen monarch in his prison :—

He was an old man, said by one of the servants to be ninety years of age, short in stature, slight, very fair for a native, and with a high-bred, delicate-looking cast of features. Truly the dignity had departed from the Great Mogul, whose ancestors had once been lords of princely possessions in India. It might have been supposed that death would have been preferable to such humiliation, but it is wonderful how we all cling to the shreds of life. When I saw the poor old man he was seated on a wretched charpoy, or native bed, with his legs crossed before him, and swinging his body backwards and forwards with an unconscious dreamy look. I asked him one or two questions, and was surprised to hear an unpleasantly vulgar voice answering from behind a small screen. I was told that this proceeded from his begum, or queen, who prevented him from replying, fearful lest he might say something which should compromise their safety.

Sir Richard Temple, who prepared the evidence for the trial of the ex-king of Delhi, paid many visits to the ill-fated monarch during his confinement. 'It was a strange sight,' he says, 'to see the aged man, seated in a darkened chamber of his palace; the finely chiselled features, arched eyebrows, aquiline profile, the sickly pallor of the olive complexion, nervous twitching of the face, delicate fingers counting beads, muttering speech, incoherent language, irritable self-consciousness—altogether made up a curious picture. Here sat the last of the Great Moguls, the descendant of emperors two centuries ago ruling the second largest population in the world; who had himself, though a phantom sovereign, been treated with regal honours. He was now about to be tried for his life by judges whose forefathers had sued for favour and protection from his imperial ancestors.'

But there still remained uncaptured the two sons and the grandson of the king. The princes had a very evil fame. They had tortured and slain English prisoners. They had been the leading figures in the Mutiny. Their hands were red with innocent

blood, the blood of little children and of helpless women. The princes—Mirza Mogul, at one time the commander-in-chief of the rebel forces, Mirza Khejoo Sultan, and Mirza Aboo Bukir, the son of the late heir-apparent—with some 6,000 or 7,000 followers, had occupied Humayon's Tomb after the king's capture, partly in a mood of fatalistic despair, and partly with the expectation that they might find the same mercy the king had found.

Macdowell, who was second in command of Hodson's Horse, tells how, on September 21, he got a note from Hodson, 'Come sharp; bring 100 men.' He rode off at once, and, on meeting Hodson, learned that he had ascertained that the three princes were in Humayon's Tomb, and that he meant to bring them in.

Hodson rode to the tomb, halted his troop outside it, and sent in a messenger demanding the surrender of the princes. They asked for a promise of their lives, but Hodson sternly refused any such pledge. As Hodson and Macdowell sat, side by side, on their horses, they could hear the stormy shouts of the followers of the princes begging to be led out against the infidels. But Hodson's audacity and iron resolve prevailed, as they prevailed the day before in the case of the king. The princes sent word that they were coming; and presently a small bullock-cart made its appearance. The princes were in it, and behind came some 3,000 armed retainers.

Hodson allowed the cart to come up to his line, ordered the driver to move on, and then formed up his troop, by a single quick movement, between the cart and the crowd. The troopers advanced at a walk upon the crowd, that fell sullenly and reluctantly back. Hodson sent on the cart containing the princes in charge of ten of his men, while he sternly, and step by step, pressed the crowd back into the enclosure surrounding the tomb; then, leaving his men outside, Hodson, with Macdowell and four troopers, rode up the steps into the arch, and called on the crowd to lay down their arms. 'There was a murmur,' says Macdowell, who tells the story. 'He reiterated the command, and (God knows why, I never can understand it!) they commenced doing so.' He adds:—

Now, you see, we didn't want their arms, and under ordinary circumstances would not have risked our lives in so rash a way. But what we wanted was to gain time to get the princes away, for we could have done nothing, had they attacked us, but cut our way back, and very little chance of doing even this successfully. Well, there we stayed for two hours, collecting their arms, and I assure you I thought every moment they would rush upon us. I said nothing,

but smoked all the time, to show I was unconcerned; but at last, when it was all done, and all the arms collected, put in a cart, and started, Hodson turned to me and said, 'We'll go now.' Very slowly we mounted, formed up the troop, and cautiously departed, followed by the crowd. We rode along quietly. You will say, why did we not charge them? I merely say, we were one hundred men, and they were fully 6,000. I am not exaggerating; the official reports will show you it is all true. As we got about a mile off, Hodson turned to me and said, 'Well, Mac, we've got them at last;' and we both gave a sigh of relief. Never in my life, under the heaviest fire, have I been in such imminent danger. Everybody says it is the most dashing and daring thing that has been done for years (not on my part, for I merely obeyed orders, but on Hodson's, who planned and carried it out).

Hodson and Macdowell quickly overtook the cart carrying the princes, but a crowd had gathered round the vehicle, and pressed on the very horses of the troopers. 'What shall we do with them?' said Hodson to his lieutenant. Then, answering his own question, he added, 'I think we had better shoot them here. We shall never get them in!' And Hodson proceeded to do that daring, cruel, much-abused, much-praised deed.

He halted his troop, put five troopers across the road, in front and behind the cart, ordered the princes to strip; then, taking a carbine from one of his troopers, he shot them with his own hand, first, in a loud voice, explaining to his troopers and the crowd who they were, and what crimes they had done. The shuddering crowd gazed at this tall, stern, inflexible sahib, with his flowing beard, white face, and deep over-mastering voice, shooting one by one their princes; but no hand was lifted in protest.

Hodson showed no hurry. He made the doomed princes strip, that the act might seem an execution, not a murder. He shot them with his own hand, for, if he had ordered a trooper to do it, and the man had hesitated, a moment's pause might have kindled the huge swaying breathless crowd to flame.

Critics in an overwhelming majority condemn Hodson's act. Roberts, whose judgment is mildest, says his feeling is 'one of sorrow that such a brilliant soldier should have laid himself open to so much adverse criticism.' Hodson himself wrote on the evening of the same day, 'I made up my mind at the time to be abused. I was convinced I was right, and when I prepared to run the great physical risk of the attempt I was equally game for the moral risk of praise or blame. These have not been, and are not, times when a man who would serve his country dare hesitate as to the personal consequences to himself of what he thinks his duty.'

Perhaps, however, Hodson was scarcely a cool judge as to what 'duty' might be in such a case. The outrages which accompanied the Mutiny had kindled his fierce nature into a flame. 'If ever I get into Delhi,' he had said weeks before, 'the house of Timour won't be worth five minutes' purchase!' Hodson's 'five minutes' proved inadequate; but, writing afterwards, on the very day he shot the princes, he recorded, 'In twenty-four hours I disposed of the principal members of the house of Timour the Tartar. I am not cruel, but I confess I did rejoice in the opportunity of ridding the earth of these ruffians.'

Macdowell, in his narrative of the deed, relates an act of atrocity on the part of one of these princes too horrible for these pages. Perhaps the evidence for such deeds, when collected afterwards, and set in the dry light of history, is somewhat inadequate. But to the actors in the great drama of the Mutiny it was final and overwhelming. The same narrator writes the epitaph of the princes: 'So ended the career of the chiefs of the revolt and of the greatest villains that ever shamed humanity.'

The bodies were driven into Delhi and cast on a raised terrace in front of the Kotwallee. Cave-Browne, who was chaplain to the forces at the time, comments on the curious fact that this was the very spot where the worst crimes of the 'princes had been committed. 'It was,' he says, 'a dire retribution! On the very spot where, four months ago, English women and children had suffered every form of indignity and death, there now lay exposed to the scoff and scorn of the avenging army three scions of the royal house, who had been chief among the fiends of Delhi.'

The story of the siege of Delhi is one of the most wonderful chapters in the history of war. The besieging army never amounted to 10,000 men; it sometimes sank below 5,000. For weeks the British had to face an enemy exceeding themselves in number sometimes by a ratio of ten to one, and with an overwhelming superiority of artillery. They fought no fewer than thirty-two battles with the enemy, and did not lose one! For three months every man, not sick, in the whole force had to be under arms every day, and sometimes both by night and day. The men were scorched by the heat of the sun, wasted with dysentery and cholera, worn out with toil.

A new and strange perplexity was added to the situation by the fact that many of the native troops on the Ridge were notoriously disloyal. The British officers sometimes ran as much

danger of being shot by their own troops behind them as by the Sepoys in front. Early in July the 4th Sikhs were purged of Hindustanis, as these could not be trusted. General Barnard had to abandon one plan of assault on Delhi, because at the last moment he discovered a conspiracy amongst the native soldiers in the camp to join the enemy. The strength of the force was sapped by sickness as well as by disloyalty. On August 31, for example, out of a total of less than 11,000 men 2,977 were in hospital. Of their total effective force, nearly 4,000—or two out of every five—were killed, or died of wounds received in battle. Yet they never lost heart, never faltered or murmured or failed. And after twelve weeks of such a struggle, they at last stormed in open day a strong city, with walls practically unbreached, and defended by 30,000 revolted Sepoys. This is a record never surpassed, and seldom paralleled, in history!

Months afterwards, Lawrence, looking from the Ridge over the scene of the long and bloody struggle, said to his companion with a sigh, 'Think of all the genius and bravery buried here!' The environs of Delhi, the reverse slope of that rocky crest from which the British guns thundered on the rebel city, are indeed sown thick with the graves of brave men who died to maintain the British Empire in India.

With the fall of Delhi the story of the Indian Mutiny practically ends. Lucknow, it is true, remained to be captured. The broken forces of the Mutiny had to be crushed in detail. A new system of civil administration had to be built up. The famous Company itself vanished—the native prophecy that the *raj* of the Company would last only 100 years from Plassey thus being curiously fulfilled; and on September 1, 1858—less than a year after Delhi fell—the Queen was proclaimed throughout India as its Sovereign. But Hodson, who in addition to being a great soldier had a wizard-like insight into the real meaning of events, was right when, on the evening of the day on which the British flag was hoisted once more over the royal palace at Delhi, he wrote in his journal: 'This day will be a memorable one in the annals of the Empire. The restoration of British rule in the East dates from September 20, 1857.'

A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.

XI.

I STAYED on at Brighton longer than I had intended. The occasional relaxation of domestic discipline is always enjoyable. I like being able to come down late to breakfast, without being told reproachfully that the tea is stone cold. I like being able to take a nap after dinner without the risk of hearing, at a later hour, that my mouth has been unbecomingly wide open, or that I have been 'snoring like a pig.' Then, again, I enjoy the opportunities of social observation which an hotel affords, and I feel that I can turn them to good account. Mr. Soulsby has just woken up to the fact that the Parish Magazine wants a little enlivening, and would be all the better for a dash of frivolity; so I have some thoughts of letting him have a series of papers in a vein of delicate humour, on 'Life in a Lift,' or 'Mirth and Marvels at the Métropole.' If it is true that good Americans when they die go to Paris, there is at any rate much show of reason for the theory that the Ten Tribes, when they were lost, went to Brighton. Like those 'bright children of the Sun,' as Lord Beaconsfield called them, I love the climate of the King's Road, and find it highly conducive to a healthy appetite. I protest that I could live for ever on the beefsteak puddings and stewed pears which 'Mutton's' provides in perennial profusion, and, if moderate exercise is required to stimulate digestion, I can obtain it by a modest expenditure on carriage-hire. 'Tis the gondola of London,' exclaimed Lothair as he sprang into the hansom. The gondola of Brighton is the one-horse victoria in which we jog placidly from Medina Terrace even to the Madeira Walk. It is roses, roses all the way. Nature bathes Worthing Pier in golden light, and Art delivers her message (by the hand of Mr. James Knowles) in the majestic elevation of the Grand Hotel. It is, I fear, a sign of growing old that Dancing Dogs and Performing Fleas and Happy Families no longer quicken in me the eager emotions of my boyhood; but when I saw a street-bred urchin ignite a cracker between the legs of an itinerant preacher of stern doctrines, all the innocent joy of youth revived;

and ten minutes later I found myself listening with unaffected pleasure to the homely humour of 'The Crimson Mr. E.s.'¹

Thus pleasantly, and I hope blamelessly, ran out the mellow weeks of October. But, after a time, even Brighton begins to pall upon the jaded taste, and its amusements to savour of monotony. As autumn deepens into winter, the thought of Stuccovia becomes unspeakably attractive. I say my prayers with my window open towards London. By faith I see (and taste) its familiar fogs. The inward ear catches the welcome note of its muffin-bell. Selina took advantage of my visit to the Church Congress to fill the house with workmen; and the little jobs which were to have been finished in three days have by some mysterious process of economic law been lengthened out into as many weeks, during which I was a compulsory exile from my home. Selina, casting about for the cause of this inconvenient protraction, is inclined to believe that she has found it in the foolishness of the Christian Social Union, which has 'stuffed the workmen's heads with the notion that they are to do exactly what they like, and that we are to pay them what they ask for doing it.' Of course this gibe is aimed at Bertha, who takes 'the Commonwealth;' but that dear girl is quite equal to the occasion. 'Really, Selina, I wonder how you can talk such nonsense about things which you don't the least understand. You might just as well say that Sir Blundell Maple is a pro-Boer because they couldn't get that hideous chintz in the drawing-room matched for you. I am truly thankful they couldn't, for it always made me feel ill; and, as to the working man and Socialism, and all that, you had better read Canon Holland's essay on "Every Man his own Grandmother." Of course I don't expect you to agree with him; but at any rate you would know what you were talking about, and that's more than you do at present.'

It will be inferred from this exhibition of repartee that Bertha has come back in excellent form from her round of visits in Loamshire. She has indeed arrived a good deal sooner than we expected; but Selina, who generally is extreme to mark what is done amiss, has no word of reprobation. Last year she used to say that it was really shameful of Bertha to desert her home just at the time of year when Mamma most wanted some one to keep her company, and that she really didn't understand the

¹ An eccentric band of minstrels who performed on the pier this autumn.—ED.

selfishness of girls in the present day—so very unlike what she had been brought up to.

Now she declares that Bertha is perfectly right to come to London and have a little fun, 'especially as her riding is stopped this winter, poor girl.' This last shaft is aimed at me, for it is reported in the family that Bertha's horse has never recovered from the strain of carrying me when I was last in Loamshire, and has been condemned to spend the remainder of his days between the shafts of Mrs. Topham-Sawyer's brougham. Be that as it may, Bertha has arrived in high health and spirits, looking forward, as she says, to a 'jolly Advent.' By this slightly unliturgical expression I understand her to mean a great many special services, an orgie of Christmas decoration, and, if only the weather is propitious, some skating with young Bumpstead on the Serpentine. Can it be true my Selina perceives, and even approves, the 'motion of a hidden fire' which trembles in her sister's breast?

Meanwhile, of course, Bertha has brought us a budget of county news from Loamshire—how the odious Mrs. Goldbug, who was so rude to Selina at the Great County Sale, and who now rents the principal place in the county, has actually secured a Royal Personage for her best shooting party; how there was a rumour that she was going to marry the impecunious Lord-Lieutenant, and how his eldest daughter eloped with the game-keeper sooner than endure such a stepmother; how this desperate act now proves to have been premature, as Mrs. Goldbug denies the engagement, and the Lord-Lieutenant is said to have taken to drinking in consequence of his rejection.

One of the social events of Bertha's autumn was a great gathering of the Primrose League, convened by my brother-in-law, Tom Topham-Sawyer, at The Sawpits.

A grand political dinner
To the men of many acres,
A gathering of the Tory,
A dinner and then a dance
For the maids and marriage-makers.

The 'glory,' which should have rhymed with 'Tory,' was in this case marred by an unfortunate incident, and Bertha, whose relations with her brother have, since he came into his possessions, been a little strained, told us with rather unamiable glee that Tom's great peroration about the Flag and the Empire was

absolutely ruined by a sudden incursion of the 'steam-organ'—that Tom lost his temper most shockingly, and swore that unless that infernal thing was stopped he would turn the whole boiling of them out of his park. Bertha went on to say that her brother, who has the true squire's sense of his own importance, had addressed strong remonstrances to the Grand Council of the Primrose League, complaining of the discourtesy with which he had been treated, and threatening to withdraw from the League unless his utterances were received with greater respect. The result of this remonstrance was seen in the following edict of the Grand Council, which Bertha delightedly produced from her pocket-book :

When officers of Habitations are arranging with proprietors of merry-go-rounds to come to their open-air *fêtes*, it should be stipulated that during the speeches the music of the steam-organ should cease.

Bertha, still smarting from Selina's attack on the Christian Social Union, made great capital out of this decree. 'It's all very well to abuse the C.S.U., Selina, but I don't think we ever published anything so absurd as that. I must say that from what I saw of them at the *fête* I thought your Primrose friends were an extraordinarily ill-mannered set of people. Certainly poor old Tom is a deplorable speaker, but it was too rude to interrupt him on his own lawn. When Canon Gore or Father Adderley addresses the C.S.U. no one dreams of playing the hurdy-gurdy.'

The mention of these ecclesiastics leads me by a natural transition to the familiar fields of theological enquiry. I learn that the Harvest Festival at St. Ursula's went off with extraordinary success. The Brown Paper Service had a whole column to itself in 'Church Bells,' and Mr. Soulsby's address to the children delivered on the occasion is to be published in a pamphlet by the Froebel Institute. At St. Ursula's the Harvest Festival is always what Mr. Gladstone once oddly called 'a new commencement.' The autumnal lull is over, and parochial existence is becoming tense and eager. Fresh activities are developed every day, and Mr. Soulsby's life is more than ever 'full.'

This November a 'Home-Reading Circle' has been formed in connection with the Parochial Club, and the Vicar has decided that the general subject of the winter course shall be 'Some Aspects of the Roman Controversy.' He prides himself on discerning the signs of the times, and he feels that just now the Roman idea is

in the air, and demands the intelligent consideration of instructed Anglicans. He is animated by no Protestant bigotry, no desire for polemical advantage. 'Nay,' he says in dulcet tones, 'I have a tender place in my heart for our erring aunt, the Church of Rome. We, of this fold, may not call her mother; but is she not our mother's sister, though she may have wandered far astray?'

The syllabus of the winter's readings suggests 'Helbeck of Bannisdale,' 'The Casting of Nets,' 'The Vicar of St. Luke's,' and 'The Eternal City,' as illustrating different aspects of the same theme; and the Vicar's intense preoccupation with the proposed course has awoken a responsive interest in the parish. Bumpstead, indeed, with insular prejudice, dismisses the whole subject as 'tosh;' and Bertha, though she expresses herself with more maidenly grace, concurs in Bumpstead's judgment. 'Of course, the scene of "Helbeck" being laid at Levens makes it interesting in a sort of way, and it's rather fun picking out the real people in Dick Bagot's book. But I got hopelessly stuck in the "Eternal City," and I really think the Vicar of St. Luke's was the greatest goose I ever came across. Imagine his wanting to marry a district visitor who was old enough to be his mother! I'm sure he was better off as a Jesuit, even though they did make him dig in the kitchen garden. But I can't imagine what good Mr. Soulsby thinks it will do one to read about such absurdities.'

Other people, less frivolously constituted, have taken the subject seriously, and the more Protestant section of the congregation are inclined to think Mr. Soulsby's sudden interest in Romanism rather a dangerous sign.

There are disquieting rumours in the parish that at the Church Congress he was observed to applaud Lord Halifax's reference to Invocation, and that he was heard discussing the question of Authority with the Rev. Leighton Pullan. All this, so different from the harmless æstheticism of his previous career, has filled the 'Fishers in Deep Waters' with a sense of unrest; and in truth I believe that our dear Vicar has entered on a phase of theological transition. Lord Beaconsfield, who, being an alien alike in blood and faith, had a peculiar power of observing our ecclesiastical phenomena dispassionately, long ago described a case of development not unlike that of the Vicar of St. Ursula's.

Lovers of 'Lothair' will remember the transformation which befell Mrs. Putney Giles's brother—the Rev. Dionysius Smylie—with his Hebrew scholarship at Trinity College, Dublin, and his

Protestant commentary on the Apocalypse, after he had been appointed to one of Lothair's livings. 'The Doctrine of Evolution,' wrote Lord Beaconsfield, 'affords no instances so striking as those of sacerdotal development. Placed under the favouring conditions of clime and soil, the real character of the Rev. Dionysius Smylie gradually but powerfully developed itself. Where he now ministered, he was attended by acolytes and incensed by thurifers. The shoulders of a fellow-countryman were alone equal to the burden of the enormous cross which preceded him; while his ecclesiastical wardrobe furnished him with many-coloured garments suited to every season of the year and every festival of the Church.

'At first there was indignation, and rumours or prophecies that we should soon have another case of perversion, and that Mr. Smylie was "going over to Rome;" but these superficial commentators misapprehended the vigorous vanity of the man. "Rome may come to me," said Mr. Smylie, "and it is perhaps the best thing she could do. This is the real Church, without Romish error."' The description was written more than thirty years ago; but the type described is still to be found within the precincts of our admirable Establishment; and, at least in some respects, it is illustrated in the person of our Vicar. I do not share the apprehension that Mr. Soulsby will 'go over;' but, if I had any such fears, my reliance would be on Mrs. Soulsby.

I heard the Bishop of Chichester at the Church Congress declare that England demands a married clergy; and if this be so, England certainly gets what she demands. I have heard Archdeacon Buggins, when preaching for the Queen Victoria Clergy Sustentation Fund, wax eloquent over the 'sanctifying influences which the Divine Ordinance of Marriage sheds over a married priesthood.' And among those influences not the least important is the restraining power which a clergyman's wife can exercise over a husband 'tempted else to rove' in a Romeward direction. Mrs. Soulsby has presided for ten years over the ecclesiastical life of Stuccovia. She has organised bazaars, directed District Visitors, and suggested subjects for sermons. She has been a leading official of the 'Girls' Friendly Society,' and a familiar figure on the lawns of Fulham and Lambeth. If I know her, she is not the woman to be dethroned without a protest. The late Dr. Littledale once wrote some 'Plain Reasons against joining the Church of Rome.' If Mr. Soulsby were to

confide any Romeward inclination to the ear of his Egeria, I fancy he would have to encounter some 'reasons' against such a course, even plainer than Dr. Littledale's.

Until this winter my Selina has always been in the very thick of all parochial activities. But now, when there is so much subdued excitement in the air, I find to my surprise that she is taking no part in the 'Home-Reading Circle.' Bridge occupies a good deal of her time, and she is exemplary in chaperoning her sister. But a new interest has entered into her life, more engrossing than either Chaperonage or Bridge; and this new interest is Health.

Lord Lytton, who was fond of oracular sentences, once pronounced that 'Money is Character.' It might be at least as wisely said that Health is Occupation. Once let the subject of Health take firm possession of the mind, and no other occupation is necessary or even possible. It claims all day and night for its own. Systems of drainage and rules of diet; hygienic clothing and boiled milk; prophylactics against every physical ailment and prescriptions for every mental emotion, occupy our working hours. Hot water cheers our meals; gymnastic contortions take the place of exercise. A hop-pillow, a cup of *consommé*, and a teaspoonful of bromide minister to our nightly needs, 'till the flood of morning rays wakes us to' cocoa and a plasmon biscuit.

Into this new and exciting career Selina has plunged with characteristic vigour. I stated in the early autumn that she had been a good deal overwrought by the exertions of the Season. She was 'run down,' and was unluckily deprived of that inexpensive month at Harrogate, on which in previous autumns she had so much relied. The experiment of spending August and September in London was not altogether a success. She cannot shake off a feeling of lassitude, and reminds me with cruel frequency that men who manage their affairs properly can generally contrive to take their wives to Homburg or Marienbad. The present state of our finances rendering those jaunts impossible, Selina has betaken herself, rather ungraciously, to such methods of relief as lie within our more immediate reach. In plain words, she has taken to quacking herself violently; and I confess that I feared some collision with our excellent friend Dr. Snuffin, whose treatment has been rather roughly pushed on one side. But Snuffin, who inherits all the courtly tact of his eminent grandfather, Sir Tumley, and knows the length of Selina's foot pretty well, assures her that very likely she under-

stands her own case best; and quietly awaits the day when she will return in penitence to the paths of allopathic orthodoxy. Meanwhile we ring the changes on various systems, 'ancillary,' as Snuffin says, 'to science; unauthorised indeed, but not hostile.' Last summer we had a brief period of devotion to the lady who taught Swedish gymnastics. When we could hear her for nothing, in Mrs. Soulsby's drawing-room, it was all very well; but when it came to ten guineas for a course, the case wore a different complexion.

'It's all very well for her to lay down the law about standing properly! I am sure she looked as stiff as if she had swallowed the poker. And, as to her waist, which Robert admired so, I believe she was laced so tight she could hardly breathe. Never tell us that such tortures are good for one's health. I only wonder that Mrs. Soulsby can encourage such imposture.'

Gymnastics being discarded, we have fallen back on new and strange drugs. 'For my own part,' says Mrs. Barrington-Boulderley, who always knows the last cry, 'there are only two drugs that I believe in—gold and granite.' But, as Selina justly remarks, the one sounds so very expensive, and the other even too strengthening. 'I don't believe I want those violent tonics. Indeed, I am always better without any drugs at all. I believe immensely in diet. After all, the blood is the life.' This led to a brief trial of the 'Salisbury system.' The day began with a cup of coffee, in which a dash of Price's glycerine was occasionally substituted for sugar as a treat. Hecatombs of oxen were swallowed in the form of minced beef, and our boiler barely contained the oceans of hot water with which the beef was washed down. But this system of diet soon became monotonous, and has been rejected in favour of Grape-nut Food, which for the moment carries all before it. Selina is not one of those selfish souls who, when they have received a benefit, can keep it to themselves. She desires to see it in widest commonalty spread among her kinsfolk and acquaintances. 'I believe Grape-nuts would be the making of you, Robert. They are so much more digestible than oysters and caviare and curried lobster, and all those horrid strong-tasting things which you devour. After one of your heavy dinners, you snore in your armchair till I expect to see you go off in an apoplectic fit before my eyes. Now, if you would only dine on grape-nuts, and sit for three minutes after dinner in a hip-bath of cold water, you would feel a different being—and perhaps you wouldn't be obliged to have your waistcoats enlarged every six months.'

THE RUBY MINES OF UPPER BURMA.

BY MRS. HENRY CLARENCE PAGET.

'GOOD-BYE,' said the captain of the Irrawaddy steamer, as we slowed down on approaching Thabeitkyin, where we were going to land, it being the starting-point for the Ruby Mines. 'I wish I could have dissuaded you from going on such a mad expedition. The road is infested with dacoits, and no one travels on it without being accompanied by military police; and yet you two ladies, with your two Madrassi servants, are going to ride the sixty-one miles to Mogok absolutely alone.'

'Nonsense!' I retorted, 'we shall get on all right. Ladies always do. What else is there to be afraid of besides dacoits?'

'Dacoity,' *i.e.* robbery with violence and often murder, 'is not a thing to joke about,' he answered; 'and the jungle swarms with tigers and rhinos.'

It was not an inspiring send-off, but the delight of being off the beaten track was upon me, and I could not feel depressed. Who *could be anything* but cheerful in such a fascinating country as Burma, and among such a festive little people as the Burmese, who seem to view life as a succession of entertainments which cause them ceaseless fun? Gay of disposition and gay in apparel—for both men and women are attired in the loveliest yellow and pink silks—the Burmese are the most attractive race in the East. It is true that the men are desperately idle and put all work aside to attend a *pwé* (native play), to gamble, or for any other amusement; but their dainty little wives—who enjoy complete freedom, and do all the brainwork—are born traders, and conduct most of the business transactions. A motley crowd was assembled at the landing stage of Thabeitkyin to see the steamer pass. The gay Burman in his gorgeous coloured *pasoh*; wild-looking Shans, dressed in short loose jackets, wide blue trousers, and white puggarees surmounted by huge flopping white straw hats, ornamented with bright green tassels; and the fierce Kachin, with his legs swathed in cloth puttees, wearing embroidered shirt, cloth jacket, thick rattan rings around his loins, a dark blue puggaree with a straw hat on the top, and a *dâh* stuck in his belt; and the ubiquitous Chinaman to complete the group.

Amid this shrieking crowd we landed, and, climbing up the steep sandy bank, wended our way to the dāk bungalow. From the verandah, through a lovely framework of bamboos, plantains, and the scarlet flowers of the *Butea frondosa* (the dhak tree), we could see the glistening waters of the great Irrawaddy flashing by, bearing along craft of every description. The heavy paddy boat, with its carved steering chair raised quite fifteen feet above the water, in which the steersman sits struggling with an enormous rudder paddle; rafts of teak wood floating slowly down, the temporary homes of whole families, little bamboo huts thatched with palm leaves being constructed on them; boats with large square sails hanging from a bamboo yard skimming along before the breeze; and dug-outs (canoes hollowed out of trunks of trees) being paddled skilfully up stream.

In spite of the whole scene being a dream of beauty and colour, our spirits were considerably damped at finding that endless difficulties were made about providing us with the necessary transport. We had given due notice of the number of baggage animals we should require, and had hoped to start off soon after we landed. But it was not until late the following morning that animals were sent, and we had to do a march in the middle of the day, when the heat of the sun was overpowering. Three mules led by Shans carried our bedding, cooking pots, provisions, and other baggage. We ourselves were mounted on two such miserable broken-down ponies that all our attention was required to keep them on their legs. The plan of loading baggage animals in Upper Burma is a good one, the loads being made up on the ground on a wooden frame, which is lifted bodily on to the packsaddle; this avoids the delay which is usually caused by tying the loads separately on to the restive beasts of burden.

A ride of ten miles brought us to Wapyndaung, a little village lying at the foot of the hills, surrounded by a high palisade of sharply cut bamboo, a protection against dacoits and tigers.

Putting up at the dāk bungalow for lunch, we made the discovery that knives were not included in the list of furniture. They were supplied at one time, but the Government found it necessary to have them removed, as they had been used in addition to the *dâh* (native dagger) in despatching a victim. A rusty penknife was all we had between us, so we battled with our tough food with our fingers and bits of stick. While resting under some gigantic bamboos, I was much amused in watching

some elephants which are employed in carrying stones for the road. Their mahouts had dismounted and gone to sleep. The huge beasts, having finished their midday meal, began wandering up and down the little village street on a tour of investigation. Very stealthily one sidled up to a hut, and, winding his trunk round the open door, drew out a large bunch of bananas, with which he went off much pleased with himself. Another, seeing his friend's success, thought he would try the same game, and was rewarded by having a heavy iron pot flung at him, at which he was so alarmed that he stampeded back to his moorings, cannoning against another elephant which was busily engaged in removing a grass thatch roof. Then such a trumpeting ensued that the mahouts awoke and the truants were captured.

From Wapyndaung the road ascends, passing through dense jungle. Magnificent teak trees in company with other giants of the forest have fought their way through the deathly embrace of masses of creepers, and raise their stately heads eighty and ninety feet up into the sky. The trees of smaller growth are almost suffocated with a complete network of parasitical plants of every description, which spread from tree to tree, blocking out nearly all the light and air, and causing the undergrowth to endure a terrible struggle for existence.

In the survival of the fittest the dwarf bamboo seems, as far as can be seen, to be the most successful; but the jungle is almost impenetrable without an axe, and wild animals and venomous snakes make botanising in Upper Burma nearly impossible. To add to the difficulties, thick rattans (a ground creeper) trip you up at every few steps, and after you have several times measured your length on the ground, with every risk of putting your hand on a snake, the keenest botanical ardour fades.

Disagreeable as they are to walk over, rattans are in great demand in Upper Burma, as they take the place of rope, and are used in dragging loads, in towing boats, for fastening timber together, and a variety of other purposes, the finer kinds being employed for making baskets, tying matting, &c.

For the preservation of the road to the Ruby Mines the jungle is cut back some feet, and everything that grows near the edge glories in the sunshine. Orchids and ferns nestle on every bough, magnificent clumps of the giant bamboo (*Bambusa gigantea*) wave their feathery foliage in the breeze, and the gorgeous-hued flowers of *Bauhinia scandens*, *Thunbergia latifolia*, and *Congea*

velutina hang in festoons from all the trees. These three creepers are in bloom most of the year. The dhâk tree, with its brilliant scarlet flowers, adds to the wonderful blaze of colour. This tree (*Butea frondosa*), apart from its great beauty, forms an important article of commerce, for its flowers yield a fine yellow dye called *tesu*, and from the bark a valuable exudation is taken containing gallic and tannic acids, which are much used medicinally all over Burma and India, as are also the large flattened seeds. The charcoal of the wood of the *Butea* is employed in the purification of alkaloids on account of its freedom from saline matter. To the teak tree (*Tectona grandis*) sun is a necessity, so it is only found on the hills facing south, and then not in groups, but usually interspersed with other forest trees. This magnificent giant, the timber of which is the best for ship-building in the world, forms, next to rice, the staple export of Burma. The foliage is deciduous, and in January, the month in which we were on our way to the mines, the ground was strewn with its huge leaves.

There is only one tree in Burma which escapes the grasp of the parasitical plants, and that is the *Homalium tomentosum*, or the monkey slipping tree. Its branches grow only at the top, and it possesses a perfectly smooth bark covered with a fine white powder, which renders it so slippery that neither monkeys nor plants can gain any foothold.

Among all this luxuriant tropical vegetation I was much surprised at meeting an old friend in the bracken fern (*Pteris aquilina*). Who ever would dream of associating a plant of the English moorlands with brilliant-coloured and delicately scented orchids? Yet here it was, looking thoroughly out of place, but very happy, lifting its stalwart fronds to meet a fragile creeper, with lovely sapphire-blue flowers, which hung from a bough simply encrusted with dendrobiums.

For three days we were riding through this wonderful jungle, getting magnificent views from the heights we passed over, on to the Kachin hills, which, with their 7,000 and even 8,000 feet of altitude, might be called mountains if that appellation were ever used in Burma. Brilliant-plumaged birds flashed in and out of the dense foliage, gorgeous butterflies hovered around the flower-laden trees, and one felt that it was good to be alive and see nature in all its glory. But on two or three occasions we were marching too late, and as the afternoon wore on the jungle

assumed a different aspect in the fading light. A dreadful gloom spread over the dense growth which in the early morning had appeared so lovely. The parasitic-laden boughs looked like gaunt figures with skeleton arms stretched out to clutch you as you passed, and the bamboos creaked and groaned as if in pain. Strange cries were borne along the sighing wind, and once a fearful scream rang through the forest. Some poor animal had fallen a prey—to what? Probably to the great cat. We hurried our tired ponies on. While the sun was high in the heavens I had forgotten all about the terrible denizens of the jungle, which during the heat of the day lie resting in their lairs, but sally forth towards evening in search of food and water. Besides tigers, there are other inhabitants of the Upper Burma forests which, unless armed with a rifle, one would rather not meet—leopards, huge rhinoceroses, bears, and wild buffaloes, the latter being considered the most dangerous of all, as they charge without the slightest provocation, whereas a tiger, unless a man-eater or wounded, generally slinks away.

Another reason against being out at dusk on the Ruby Mine road is that it is constantly blocked by long trains of bullock carts, which pursue their slow and creaking course between Thabeitkyin and Mogok, and camp for the night on the open track, with the bullocks lying surrounded by blazing fires to scare away wild animals. To induce a shying pony to pass these fires is a matter of no slight difficulty. The drivers of these carts, too, do not bear a very good name, having been known to be experts in the game of dacoity. So, on the principle of safety in numbers, several are sent together, and sometimes a guard with them as well.

We put up at night at the little thatched rest-houses reserved for the occasional traveller, but the permanent abode of rats. At the village of Kyat-pyin I had as many as six rats on my bed, all struggling to reach my boots, which I had taken the precaution to hang from a peg on the wall, knowing how much Russian leather is appreciated by the rodent tribe. Sleep was impossible with the enemy on all sides, for the rats not bent on supping off my boots were hunting under my pillow for a fragment of candle and a box of matches which I thought might be safe from their clutches. But a rat is not easily daunted, and with a shove they shot pillow, matches, and candle on to the floor. Then my blood was up, and I rose in a fury, and hurled boot-trees and everything

I could lay hands on at the retreating foe. Peace reigned for a short time; then they returned to the attack with renewed vigour. I have had many funny experiences in out-of-the-way rest-houses in the East, but the strangest was once on the Thibetan frontier, where one night I was awakened by a snorting sound close to my ear, and to my horror I found that my head was held down by something heavy resting on it. The heavy object edged off on my trying to move, and by the light of a spluttering match I discovered an elderly hen seated on my pillow and the egg she had laid there. For three months we had been travelling at an altitude too great for poultry to exist, and I had longed for eggs to vary our limited fare of tinned meats. But—such is the perversity of human nature—I was exceedingly annoyed with the layer of that egg, and hurled her cackling forth into the darkness, though I kept the egg for my breakfast.

The rest-houses on the Ruby Mine road are in very pretty but isolated situations. The solitude and the surrounding jungle had a strange fascination for me, and I used to lie awake for hours listening to the weird moaning and whispering of the bamboos. Once I was startled by a sound like a pack of hounds in full cry. Creeping softly out into the verandah, I looked across the valley, which was bathed in moonlight, and saw the shadows of figures flitting through the jungle. The wild cry came nearer and nearer, till at last I could hear a distinct bark. There was a sound of hurrying feet. Then, just as I was thinking that a pack of phantom dogs accompanied by headless riders (the correct thing, I believe, in a ghostly hunt) would flash by, I woke to the fact that I was listening to a herd of *Cervulus Muntjac*, or barking deer, which were being hunted by some beast of prey. The barking deer derives its name from the peculiar cry it utters when alarmed, which resembles the single bark of a dog.

The third day out of Thabeitkyin we found that the vegetation was becoming less and less luxuriant, and on reaching Kyatpyin, the highest point on the road, 4,400 feet above sea-level, the country was almost bare. Here fresh ponies met us, and we had an easy ride into Mogok, the headquarters of the Ruby Mine district. With relays of ponies the distance from Thabeitkyin to Mogok can be covered in two days, but we took four to ride the sixty-one miles.

Mining in every part of the world scars the landscape, and Mogok is no exception. What trees did grow there have been

cut down, and the whole valley through which the Mogok stream runs is intersected with diggings and cumbered with machinery. In the midst of these strange surroundings some pagodas still stand. Their Htees or tops only appear, the rest of the buildings being buried in the refuse stuff from the pits. Little is known as to the early history of the mines, except that they have been worked ever since the fifteenth century, and are believed to have been acquired by the Burmese from the Shans in 1630.

In King Thebaw's time the whole of the produce of the mines was sent to the Treasury at Mandalay. Any person found guilty of smuggling a ruby was doomed, together with every member of his family, to a long term of rigorous imprisonment. This harsh penalty, coupled with the difficulty of disposing of stones, was an effectual deterrent against robbery.

In 1886, when Upper Burma became part of the British Empire, the Government took over the mines, and leased them in 1889 to the Burma Ruby Mine Company for seven years, the lease being renewed in 1896 for a further term of fourteen years. Until the year 1899 the company failed to pay expenses, but in that year, owing to the successful development of their mining operations and a favourable alteration in the terms of their agreement with the Government, they were able to pay a dividend and have every prospect of a prosperous future. They have recently been turning out rubies to the value of about a lakh of rupees a month. I saw an uncut ruby weighing over seventy carats, which had recently been found. It was elongated in shape, and, though in its raw state, was of a wonderfully deep colour. This ruby proved, when cut, to be a very fine stone of $28\frac{7}{8}$ carats, and was valued at 6,000/. Besides mining themselves, the company issue licenses to mine by native methods. For these licenses a fee of twenty rupees a month is paid for each man employed in the mines. The receipt from the licenses formed at one time the main source of the company's income, but since the development of their system of mining and the extension of their workings the area available for native mines is greatly reduced.

There are three ways of mining for rubies, called by the natives Hmyawdin, Loodwin, and Twinlon. By the first of these methods open cuttings are made into the hillside. The second, Loodwin (boring inside the hill, following caves and clefts in the rock), was the method first adopted by the company, with very

unsatisfactory results, the outlay being great, the yield small. Eventually the company abandoned this system, and adopted the Twinlon method of mining.

Alluvial deposits are the ruby-bearing strata, and it is chiefly in the sand or gravel, seldom in their original matrix (crystalline limestone), that the rubies are found. The ruby gravel is washed down by the water from some place higher up the river, and deposited in pockets along the Mogok valley. It is in these alluvial deposits that the Twinlon system of mining is employed, shafts being sunk to the ruby-bearing strata, which lie from 15 to 22 feet below the top clay. When worked out these shafts are filled in again. On reaching the Byon, the local name of the ruby earth, it is dug up, loaded on small trucks, and dragged up an inclined tram to the washing machines. Here it is passed through sieves of different sizes under jets of water, the smaller stuff being carried on into rotary pans in which the heavier particles, including all stones of value, lie at the outer edge. After the clay and sand are eliminated, the remaining portion is found to be made up of quartz, gneiss, pegmatite, or white felspathic granite, black tourmaline, garnet, rock crystal, spinel, and the real ruby.

Besides the pigeon blood colour ruby, the red corundum, the most valuable gem in the European market, the other coloured varieties of the corundum also occur, but only in very small quantities. These are the blue corundum, or sapphire of every depth of tint, the yellow or oriental topaz, and the purple amethyst, the green variety (emerald) being extremely rare.

Blue tourmalines are sometimes found, and fuchsite (chrome mica). The rotary pans into which the stones fall are cleared out every twelve hours, and the contents taken in closed trucks to the sorting shed, where, after a mechanical sorting in a 'pulsator,' they are picked over by hand, and all stones of value placed in locked boxes. Eventually the stones are sorted, and classified as to size and colour. At first great difficulty was experienced in keeping down the water in the shafts, but within the last two or three years the works have been largely developed, and by utilising the water power available in the neighbourhood for pumping purposes the main obstacle has been overcome. Owing to lack of fuel, steam power has had to be given up, and practically all the machinery, including that for pumping and lighting, is run by water power and by electricity generated by

it. An electric installation, taking its power from a dam across the Yeni stream, was completed in 1898, and the plant has since been doubled.

The bamboo is an important factor in native mining. The shafts are kept open with bamboo poles. Watertight bamboo baskets attached to balance poles, also of bamboo, the butt ends of which are heavily weighted with stones, are the instruments used for baling out water and hoisting up the excavated material. To those who are only accustomed to the graceful thin-stemmed bambusas which grow in English gardens, *Bambusa gigantea* and the various uses requiring great strength to which it is applied cause wonder. It is employed as scaffolding all over the East, and, though it bends and looks insecure, it is considered far safer than the heavy woodwork of Europe.

Nearly all the labourers employed in digging in the mines are Chinese Shans, who come down in large numbers from Yunnan. Some of them have settled in Mogok, but the greater part of them only come for the dry weather, returning to their homes with their season's earnings in the rains.

Mogok does not lie on any direct trade route from China, but there are mule tracks to it from the Shan States of Maington, Taungbaing, and Momeit, by which rice is brought down on pack animals. Large quantities of lapis lazuli and rubellite (pink tourmaline) are found some miles from Mogok. The whole of the latter finds its way to China, where there is a great demand for it. I saw a good specimen of the transparent pink variety, with feathery markings on it, in a shop of the Chinese city of Peking, for which an absurdly high figure was asked. In consequence of the high value placed upon both jade and pink tourmaline by the Chinese, it is almost impossible to get good pieces of either except at high prices. If you try to bargain, the pigtailed vendor, with a supercilious smile, will draw his shapely well-bred hands from out his long silken sleeves, replace the coveted specimens within their glass cases, and sit down, which is as good as saying that the discussion is closed. For any other curios the Chinese are as open for a deal as the rest of the Eastern races.

Mogok has a weekly bazaar, and on that day the little town is thronged with representatives from all the hill tribes. Here may be seen Leesaws, who come from the mountainous regions of Western Yunnan, bringing with them vegetables, rice, and firewood; Paloungs, who are the hill tea cultivators; Shans,

wearing a double protection against the sun, floppy straw hats perched on the top of huge puggarees, their ears being bored with such large holes that they carry rolls of cloth in them, and often huge cigars; and Kachins, well armed with dahs sheathed in thin wood. Their women, barelegged, thickset, and stunted, and without exception most unlovely, jostle about in the crowd, chaffing in harsh strident tones. The married ones wear dark blue conical puggarees, and the unmarried have their hair cut in a deep fringe resting on the eyebrows. The former, which is a most unbecoming headgear, is worn to please their husbands, as it is considered to make them less attractive in the eyes of the world. Judging from popular reports of the Kachin women, this plan is not an unqualified success. There are few races in the East in which it is not the custom for women after marriage either to disfigure their faces or to wear an ugly covering for the head. Tattooing the face, as is the way of some of the Mongol tribes, is very unpleasing; but then they are barbarous. The blackening of the teeth by the women of a nation which considers itself so civilised as the Japanese do is the most incomprehensible of customs. It gives them a dreadfully vacant expression, and when they smile a hideous black hole gapes at you. This horrid custom is happily dying out.

There was great excitement the day we arrived at Mogok. A tiger had come into one of the compounds the night before and killed a buffalo. Some Englishmen sat up for two nights in the hope of getting a shot at him, but he did not return to the kill. The denseness of the Upper Burma jungle renders big game shooting very difficult, so tigers, rhinoceroses, bears, and various kinds of deer roam the vast forests unmolested by man.

The small number of men who compose the English colony at Mogok make the best of their complete banishment, as our countrypeople always do. Some of them are employed in the final sorting of the stones, an uninteresting and disagreeable occupation, which requires the greatest attention, and is a constant strain on the eyes. What an amount of labour and money is expended on the finding of the little red pebbles, the finest of which when cut is not as large as one's thumbnail, but which fetch such high prices because of their rarity! It is given to few to be the possessors of really fine rubies, the large proportion of those seen in Europe being of very inferior quality and colour. Verily we human beings are strange creatures, for

there is not a race on earth that does not consider personal ornament to be necessary to its happiness, for the obtaining of which, in many cases, great privations have to be borne, and even murder risked. It is of no uncommon occurrence among the natives of India for women to be poisoned, or their throats cut, for the sake of their beautiful gold bangles and anklets. From the great native princes of India, with their magnificent diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and ropes of pearls, down to the poorest coolie, whose sole ambition beyond a loin cloth and a blanket to sleep in is the possession of some brass ornaments and beads, decoration is a matter of the first importance.

Turquoises are the favourite stones of all the Mongol races, and are generally worn in their original state, except by the Chinese women, who have them roughly cut, and wear them mixed with pearls and coral. Both the Tibetan men and women ornament themselves with lump turquoises, the men wearing them attached to their single gold earrings, which are worn in the right ear only. The women of Ladakh carry their fortunes on their heads, in the shape of a broad strip of red cloth studded with huge turquoises, which, starting from the forehead, is carried over the head, and hangs nearly to the waist. These *peraks*, as they are called, sometimes cost as much as twenty pounds. By the Ladakhis those turquoises are preferred that have little black specks on them, which show their genuineness; for even in the wilds of Central Asia the spotless blue composition emanating from Europe is offered for sale, the bazaar at Darjeeling being flooded with it. The Bhutia women in the Darjeeling district wear quaint brass ornaments covered with chip turquoise, which are cheap; but the Mongolians have the embossed silver plates which form such a becoming headgear, studded with really fine turquoises, for which the owners have to give valuable furs in exchange.

The Rani of Sikkim, who comes from the mysterious city of Lhasa, wears a wonderful erection on her head, when *en grande toilette*, which stands at least a foot above her brow. It is composed of pearls, turquoises, rough rubies, and other stones, threaded on fine wires, which rise tier upon tier to a point in the front, where it is topped by a little pinnacle of large pearls. Though quite a little woman, this erection becomes the Rani very well, forming a pretty frame to her delicate oval face. Except to a trained eye, rubies in the rough are not easy to value. The manager of the mines placed some of different qualities in rows

to try if we could hit on those which, when cut and polished, would be the finest; but after the closest scrutiny we selected those which were decidedly inferior.

To our great regret, the Commissioner of the Mogok district and his wife were away on tour to the Chinese frontier when we were at the mines; but he had most thoughtfully arranged for every assistance to be given us, and nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality that we received from all the Englishmen in Mogok.

We had fresh ponies for the return journey, and on the first march I rejoiced in the superiority of my pony over the broken-down animal I had ridden up. But my new mount, the 'Demon,' simply went well the first day out, because he as well as we had friends going with us. The next morning he showed himself in his true light, biting and kicking at every one who came near him. Finally he was saddled, but on discovering that he was not to return to Mogok he refused to move another step. After a few minutes my sun umbrella was in ribbons, but still there was a smile on the face of the 'Demon.' Some Shans who were looking on offered me a stout bamboo, with the result that I was perfectly exhausted, while the pony with closed eyes pretended to be asleep. Then, when I was quite off my guard, he rushed at a wall, nearly breaking my leg, and afterwards dashed in among some trees, from which I emerged whole in body, but with garments in rags. Finding that he could not get rid of me, he ambled along for the rest of the day, coming to a standstill of not less than half an hour's duration whenever the mood took him. On several occasions I felt I could have shot him, but I finished up by being grateful to the 'Demon,' who, though vicious, was not wanting in intelligence.

Late one afternoon, when I was quite alone on the road, I found that my saddle was slipping round. The 'Demon' had had several lengthy tantrums on that march, and my friend and our men had gone on, so there was nothing for it but to get off and pull up the girths myself. While battling with the stiff straps of the miserable old saddle I had hired in Rangoon, an uncomfortable sensation came over me that I was being watched. Was it by man or beast? I looked up and down the road and peered into the jungle, but nothing could be seen. 'What an idiot I am,' I thought, as I tightened a girth, 'to be scared by the solitude and the creaking of the bamboos!' Suddenly the 'Demon' began to snort and tremble violently, breaking out into a sweat,

twisting his head towards the jungle. Turning quickly in the same direction I met the gaze of a pair of large yellow eyes, which were watching us intently from out the long dry grass. A plunge, and a head appeared above the undergrowth, and in another instant the pony bolted, but I was in the saddle. How I got there is a mystery to me. I never turned to see if the great beast had jumped out on to the road, for the 'Demon,' mad with terror, was going at a wild gallop, and I was entirely occupied in holding on, a horrid dread of his slipping up as he dashed around the corners adding to my panic. After we had gone over two miles, I was much relieved at hearing the welcome sound of creaking bullock carts, and he pulled up short at finding the road blocked with them. But for the 'Demon's' scenting the enemy, the owner of the yellow eyes would probably have crawled on to the road without my observing him, and would shortly have been enjoying a more varied menu than usual.

That evening I met a young road engineer who had had a much more unpleasant adventure a few days before. While riding down the same piece of road where I had seen the yellow eyes, a tiger jumped out of the jungle and sprang on to his pony; but a well-administered kick in the stomach made him drop immediately, giving the young man an opportunity of firing two shots, and the tiger slunk away. But in the scrimmage the engineer had been slightly scratched in the hand, and now violent inflammation had set in and he was in great suffering. In spite of this he seemed to be more anxious about his pony, whose hind quarters had been horribly torn, than for himself.

We left the rest-house at sunrise the next morning, and I did not see the engineer again; but probably acute blood poisoning—the usual result of a scratch from a tiger—and a lonely grave in the forest were the sequel of that story. Both the 'Demon' and my nerves were badly shaken by the fright of the previous day. On the former the effect was salutary, for he hurried along the rest of the way down to the river without a pause, glaring anxiously at the jungle, and breaking into a gallop at the slightest noise.

A night spent at the pretty little rest-house at Thabeitkyin, and then we glided down the flashing waters of the Irrawaddy, away from the solitary little English colony, away from rubies and tigers and gorgeous-hued birds and flowers, drifting past gold-o'erlaid pagodas and monasteries, on and on through a purple and golden haze to the sea.

THE OLD AND THE NEW PRODIGAL.

To be a prodigal, and do credit to the part, money is not the only thing needed. Imagination, to picture objects of expenditure, is also required. That is the difference between the prodigal and what the North country calls 'wasters.' The latter muddle their cash away; the former throws his away in handfuls. It was said of a Devonshire squireen by his keeper, that 'poor Mr. W. lost most of his money racing woodlice.' That shows the poor quality of his imagination, and how unfitted he was to be a striking example of extravagance.

The old-fashioned prodigal was always a young man, and there is no reason to doubt that he flourished in this country even more than elsewhere till comparatively recent date. There is a charming series of plates, of rather late Georgian date, in which his adventures are shown in great detail. The scenes in which, still clad in his white breeches and silk stockings, but without a coat or wig, he is pouring out swill for the pigs, and later, when forgiven, is being entertained at dinner, himself, his father and brother all in wigs, with expressions of pious thankfulness at having got to the end of what was apparently a painful but necessary incident in the family life of persons of quality, shows that his appearance was looked on as one of the regular social manifestations of the age.

The present hour is marked by such a remarkable scarcity of this kind of prodigal that when one does appear there is almost as much fuss made over him as if he were a lost species. Quite recently, when a more or less gilded youth lost, at a smart young men's club, a trifle of 10,000*l.* (which his father promptly refused to pay for him), it created quite a mild excitement. In the same society, about the *Rodney Stone* era, he would have been thought rather a fortunate if not a poor-spirited youth if he had not done something of the kind.

The greatest, most notable, and never-sufficiently-to-be-thankful-for cause of this scarcity of the prodigal is that serious gambling is no longer the regular and fashionable amusement of the men of the great world in England, and therefore imitated by the younger aspirants. For this we have to thank, in the first

place, our present King; and in the next, some general change of taste. Nothing will stand steady and high gambling. No fortune will meet it, and the money won, for some must be won, never seems traceable. Yet when it is the fashion it is almost irresistible from its easiness, and it is never considered disreputable. Only sixty years ago a steady West-country banker, a bachelor of good family and fortune, who bought an estate, and retired with a cash balance in addition of 70,000*l.*, concluded that, as he had never had any amusement, he might as well spend some of this in the *only* amusement of men of fortune; came to town for the season for three years, played steadily till he had lost 40,000*l.*, and then went home to his estate, apparently not dissatisfied.

There are other and very satisfactory reasons for, we will not say the reform of the old-fashioned or butterfly prodigal, but for the rareness with which he develops into the perfect insect. It is not to be supposed that the English world is growing perfect, but the upper classes are certainly more sensible, and become more sensible early. Some 15,000 of its sons go to the public schools, where, if they do not learn much else, they do at least learn that debt and extravagance are thought bad form, and that a great deal of enjoyment and the society of their own class can be had on frugal terms. The levelling up and down of the sons of those with the largest incomes and with very modest ones also discourages the youthful prodigal early. The young Englishman who is rich generally spends freely. But he has an increasing desire to see that he gets value for his money. He is often rather too obviously keen on this. But whatever he spends on himself on these lines makes him no company for the prodigal, whose object in life is either to spend without getting value for his money, or to spend on things which he cannot afford. The modern rich young man, who is going to be richer, is also commonly desirous of adding to his income by going into the 'business,' or entering a profession or political life. 'Eldest sons,' in the old sense of the men who began a life of absolute leisure at twenty-one and merely waited till their inheritance came to them, are rarer every year. Nearly every one either has an occupation, or runs some interest so hard that it becomes a business. The result is that, with all the best of the young rich engaged in reasonable if expensive amusement, the prodigal gets very little encouragement, and almost no companions, if he is of good class. It is twenty to one that when he is found he is either a rank outsider, who has been floated up

into a position to command large sums by accident, and has quite lost his head, or is a young man born to hold a great position for which there are not proper funds forthcoming. The temptation to a young nobleman to live up to a position which ought to have thirty thousand a year attached to it, but unfortunately has only three, in the hope that something will turn up, does every now and then account for perhaps one or two smashes. But we never see anything like the wild career of the young Frenchman or Russian, who means to dazzle the world for a few seasons. It is no longer considered good form to pretend to be indifferent to expenditure. Some people even make an affectation of the opposite.

The late 'Jubilee Plunger' was an instance to hand of the outsider, half educated, and with none of the checks which the normal young Englishman's life is surrounded with, 'chucking' money in every way: a real genuine specimen of the young and original prodigal. He was left 250,000*l.*, made by a relative, and this large sum he squandered, no one could quite tell how, in a very few years. He lived a rackety, expensive life, but the inquiries into his affairs did not divulge any striking or gorgeous ideas at all. What impressed the public most was that he had a new shirt every day, and never wore it again. He might have had three new shirts daily without touching the margin of his 250,000*l.* But his recklessness gained him one friend, and the friend gave an unsolicited testimonial. In the course of a legal inquiry the late lamented Marquis of Ailesbury appeared in the witness-box to give his views on Mr. Benson. He admitted cheerfully that certain incidents quoted by other people were true to the best of his knowledge, but before stepping from the box he added approvingly, 'But he was a real Jubilee Juggins for all that.' He had, his lordship considered, lived up to his reputation.

There are people still left in London who keep the cash consciences of clients—a few solicitors, in spite of recent scandals—*quis custodiet custodes?* and a good many bankers, who say that though the 'old' prodigal, who was generally single and *young*, is becoming extinct and gives them no trouble, the new prodigal, who is generally middle-aged and married, causes them acute and constant misery. The New Prodigal is a product of quite recent years. As a social type he is respectable and important; and for a time he makes an imposing figure in the eyes of the world generally.

He shines steadily as a star of some magnitude in the social firmament, possibly until he dies, when the cruse is found to be all but empty, and his belongings disappear into the dim obscure. More often the sources of supply are dried up before the end. Then there is in the case of one of the landed magnates an arrangement, and in that of business men a bankruptcy on an appalling scale, with liabilities of the most unpleasant nature. The career of the modern married and middle-aged prodigal, looked at from the inside, or M.M.M.P.'s own point of view, may be accounted for in this way. Rich people now remain very young. Their physique is kept up by exercise and a moderate amount of work. Consequently, after having enjoyed their youth and married early, they have a great surplus for physical energy and a large appreciation of the good things which money can give all round, if judiciously laid out, when you are at any age from thirty-five to seventy or more.

Matthew Arnold, writing of the young aristocrats of his day, pointed out that to the moneyed business-class they represented a kind of educational value. 'They teach your Philistines to live fast.' The very rich men of the greatest position, some seven or eight hundred perhaps, in this most respectable reign and in the most respectable way, are quietly teaching the less wealthy of their own class, and of those in touch with it, to live *not* fast, because the very teachers number some of the worthiest, most charming, and most eminently reputable people in Europe, but how to live beyond their means. With incomes ranging from 30,000*l.* to 100,000*l.* a year, constantly floated up by the natural rise in values of real property, they have shown their friends and acquaintances what the world can be made to yield to men in the prime of life, with a great income and a taste for spending it. While they are, without risk or trouble, and with every right to do so, getting the very most out of the best and easiest life in the world, and entertaining their friends on this scale, they are quietly educating the modern prodigal. Want of imagination, which often keeps expenditure within bounds, no longer acts as a negative safeguard to the latter. The practical working and results of every kind of expenditure are shown in these households, in the concrete, for imitation. So complete is their appointment that, if you table the whole possible list of enjoyments and 'departments,' there is not one which is not done as well as ever any one could desire, and generally one or more

pictures, horses, gardens, shootings, or entertainments in which they go one better than most people even of their own class. Moreover, it is all paid for, all perfectly delightful and generous, often accompanied by splendid munificence to charitable objects, and just what every one in this world would like *if he could afford it.*

The usual beginnings of the New Prodigal are that he either is 'in' this kind of life when young, and before he inherits his property, or that he lives on some border-land where he at any rate learns what it yields in satisfaction. When he does come into his estate—supposing him to be the heir to both land and money—he tries how far he can realise some part of these possibilities. Though not young, he is practically a beginner, and thinks that the difference between the 2,000*l.* a year he had before and the 10,000*l.* a year which he has now to spend will 'go round' and keep things up generally on the new scale in the new great house. In the interim, before he discovers what the non-productive necessary expenditure is, or what margin will be left 'before his horses began to eat,' he has committed himself, his wife, and his children to what is practically an adventure. If horses, sport, and all the rest cannot be had on the income of land *plus* inherited cash, the latter is either 'melted' gradually until not one penny is left, when the stoppage comes, or sometimes the cash is reinvested at high rates of interest. If this is not enough, or there is a loss of capital in risky investments, the middle-aged New Prodigal, who quite knows what he is about, speculates with the remainder. This, briefly and plainly, is the history of most of the unfortunate and sometimes discreditable collapses with which names of standing and consideration are occasionally associated. These have been people whose position gave them all that men of sense and honour could wish. They have done all that they did with their eyes open, and it may frankly be said that as compared with the young prodigal they show up very badly. The latter usually only injured himself, and had no dependents. He might bring down his father's grey hairs with sorrow, but the law did not let him pledge his father's credit. The modern prodigal ruins his wife, his children, his sisters, his friends; yet we seldom see him uncomfortable himself, unless he happens to be quite an outsider. The embezzling trustees and solicitors who have figured recently in such numbers in the police courts have told different stories.

But it will be found that in most cases, for professional men, their scale of normal expenditure was extravagant, and that the beginning of speculation was the endeavour to swell their budget by seeking a high rate of interest. This is a class of prodigal of the very worst type, and an increasing one if we may judge from this year's record. Professional incomes, except in a very few cases, do not and never will run to the maintenance of a large town-house, a large country-house, and establishments to match. That is for trade, finance, and manufacture. The middle-aged prodigal in the business world usually flourishes on the borderline between the professions and commerce. As he is never found out till he comes to grief, he enjoys the pleasures of extravagance and the reputation of prudence. He has the distinction of adding a new vice to those of the ordinary prodigal, namely, hypocrisy.

Though men are the great offenders, the modern prodigal is sometimes a woman, and occasionally a lady of rank and position. In spite of all the nonsense talked about the extravagance of women, a spendthrift woman is rare in any class, and very rare in the highest. Women are far more careful by nature than men, and much more sensible in seeing that they get value for their money. Defoe's discovery that 'the whole sex are, as a body, extravagantly desirous of going to heaven' is, no doubt, a controlling force now as then. But they are such good managers that probably two-thirds of the houses in England are 'financed' from year's end to year's end by the wives.

There is also a practical difficulty in the way of the woman spendthrift. She very rarely has money of her own to 'chuck.' If she is rich, the cash is usually in the hands of trustees. If she is not, but her husband is, then the latter learns about it when he has to pay the bills. The married male prodigal can go on wasting his substance down to the last thousand without his wife or children dreaming there is anything amiss. That is a privilege denied, usually, to the other sex. But when they do resolve to take the plunge they 'go it' at a pace which the men cannot rival. To quote the words of a legal friend of the writer whose opinion was invited on this delicate subject, 'they stick at nothing, and will have everything. Racing, betting, gambling to any amount, jewels, entertainments, and living fast all round account for the expenditure. For most of these activities ready money must be forthcoming. To get it the female prodigal is vastly more ingenious and far less scrupulous than the mere male who

spends what he has got. They become experts in the finance of money-raising, working down gradually from the banker to the bill-discounter, then to the money-lender, then perhaps getting men friends to back bills, starting bogus companies, plunging on the Stock Exchange, and occasionally writing other people's names to paper which, no doubt, they feel convinced in their own mind that the other party *ought* to have signed, though unfortunately they did not.' The delicate wording of the last sentence does credit to my lawyer friend's powers of expression, and perhaps explains many awkward situations. The natural and almost necessary ally of the lady prodigal is the money-lender, not because she prefers to borrow money at sixty per cent., but because, for the reasons given above, she *must* borrow of some one; and after the legitimate banker has done what he cannot refuse, she goes to the men who lend, not on security, but on the husband's wealth and squeezability. When Sir George Lewis wrote to the 'Times' that he knew of a money-lender who had lent a lady a very large sum, in connection with which she had forged another person's name, the world was shocked, not more at the fact of the forgery than at the 'revelation' that ladies did business with money-lenders. This was stupid. They are the lady prodigal's natural allies. They can always be relied on to supply cash; and they make far less trouble about securities when dealing with married women, or those who have fathers living, than when lending to men.

There is another and happily rare class of lady prodigals, who only incur debts at shops, but do this on a scale and with a persistence which men never attain to. Clothes and jewels are the main lines of interest, and the extent to which they 'plunge' over and over again is astonishing. The species is becoming extremely rare. But there are a few very bright and typical examples still left, whose names come before the public about every five years in this connection. It would be extremely interesting to know how much they would be satisfied with to meet their ordinary wishes and wants, and if it were possible to do so.

But prudence and principle in these matters are nearly always part of the ladies' inheritance through all classes, and it is rare indeed to find hereditary extravagance among ladies. To quote a royal example: The young Queen of Holland, a model of all the virtues, at this moment occupies the throne which was destined for a prodigal—her half-brother, the Prince of Orange, who died before she was born. The Prince of Orange was a man of ability

and amiability; but he never 'got on' with the old King, and lived fast at the Hague with a very fast set of friends, but as a prince. Then he left Holland, dropped his title, and lived as M. Citron in an attic in Paris, and spent the *whole of the money so saved*—a very large sum—in gambling. The Queen, his mother, died; then the Prince of Orange died, and the old King married a young wife, and became the proud father of 'Wilhelmijnje.'

If any one doubts that the Continental prodigal survives in all the doubtful splendour of the type, the Castellani-Gould litigation before the French Courts should prove that it does. Of the capital squandered, though the income was enormous, it is not necessary to speak. There was one item of six figures for *bric-à-brac*, due to a single firm.

A few words on the nature and 'causes' of the Continental prodigal may perhaps be forgiven in reference to the 'blazing indiscretions' marked in this case where discretion was itself naturally thrown overboard to start with. In England adventurers, if they do happen to marry an heiress, seldom make such a scandal. Generally, in fact, the so-called adventurer who by marriage obtains more or less control of a great fortune becomes a most respectable family man, and takes his wife's position. There may be a few Barry Lyndons left, but they are very seldom heard of, and Barry Lyndon was not an Englishman. But on the Continent, especially where the Code Napoléon prevails, the spendthrift and the hard-up man of pleasure are found broadcast, though of course mainly in those places where the Continental world meets to amuse itself. Parliaments and laws cannot make people moral; but it is a law which has succeeded in making the French upper classes—and we must also add the Dutch—produce a disproportionate number of prodigals.

The Code Napoléon makes it obligatory on a man to divide his property equally among his children. This answers admirably where there is no property to divide, and not badly where there is only a little, for they all get that small start in life which often commands success quickly. But where there is a fairly large fortune, but not a great one, a sum sufficient to leave each child from 1,000*l.* to 1,500*l.* a year, the results are absolutely bad for the sons. The daughters get a much fairer share than English daughters usually do, but the sons get just enough to be idle on, and not enough to satisfy the ideas and tastes in which they have

been brought up. Their fortune would be ample to buy a share in a business, but the chances are that they have no training or inclination that way. So Baron Adolphe or Count Maximilian—they all succeed to the father's title as well as to the share of his money—has to think how he can best 'put in his time' on what are to him very insufficient means. Probably the elder brothers solve the problem; but if there is a spoilt boy at the end of the family, or even a very young one, who remains for some time a minor, the chances are that when the cash is handed over he, with no public school and University training in which to learn a little and spend a little, has a glorious fling in the spend-all-your-money-and-nothing-to-show-for-it circles of Paris and the Riviera, and is left at thirty without a farthing. Perhaps before that time he succeeds in making a wealthy marriage. Then he does it all over again on a larger scale. It is 'ignorance, pure ignorance.' He never sees about him, when younger, other younger sons who are 'responsible;' for all his natural companions are looking forward to the same future. In Holland, for example, the really well-born are practically composed of this leisured but not rich class, and have absolutely no social dealings with the burgher type. Their only chance is either to marry into their own circle, or possibly to go out to the Dutch East Indies, where now and again a fortune is made in a mine or plantation. Our great colonies and immense civil service alone save half the possible prodigals here from their fate.

If any further evidence were needed that the Continental nations alone regard prodigals as a necessary product of their social system, we may point to the survival and existence of that curious and useful institution the 'Conseil de Famille.' I believe that it is recognised by French law. It is constantly referred to in social matters, but is nearly always confined to the cashiering or restraint of the prodigal. It can practically take his cash from him by an application to the Courts, and assert a right to the control of his household. The first thing that the French Courts required in the Castellani-Gould dispute was that the American side of the family should put themselves in line with Continental feeling by holding an informal 'Conseil de Famille,' and making the Court their counsellor.

Now all this is very odd. The French and Italian gentry, and indeed the bulk of the nation, are more economical, more saving, and less given to making a show than we are. Yet we never

evolved such an institution as this 'Board of Prodigals,' which can be called on to sit in any family in France. No one reason can be assigned for the difference; but probably the main factor lies in their law of inheritance. So long as equal division of properties supplies a number of minors, without experience, and with money, coming on at each generation, so long will they continue to 'chuck' the money, gaining, let us hope, the experience; and so long will the 'Conseil de Famille' survive also.

C. J. CORNISH.

COUNT HANNIBAL.¹

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHICH WILL YOU, MADAME?

It was in the grey dawning of the next day, at the raw hour before the sun rose, that word of M. de Tignonville's fate came to them in the castle. The fog which had masked the van and coming of night hung thick on its retreating skirts, and only reluctantly and little by little gave up to sight and daylight a certain thing which night had left at the end of the causeway. The first man to see it was Carlat, from the roof of the gateway; and he rubbed eyes weary with watching, and peered anew at it through the mist, fancying himself back in the Place Ste.-Croix at Angers, supposing for a wild moment the journey a dream, and the return a nightmare. But rub as he might, and stare as he might, the ugly outlines of the thing he had seen persisted—nay, grew sharper as the haze began to lift from the grey slow-heaving floor of sea. He called another man and bade him look. 'What is it?' he said. 'D'you see, there? Below the village?'

'Tis a gibbet,' the man answered, with a foolish laugh; they had watched all night. 'God keep us from it!'

'A gibbet?'

'Ay!'

'But what is it for? What is it doing there?'

'It is there to hang those they have taken, very like,' the man answered, stupidly practical. And then other men came up, and stared at it and growled in their beards. Presently there were eight or ten on the roof of the gateway looking towards the land and discussing the thing; and by-and-by a man was descried approaching along the causeway with a white flag in his hand.

At that Carlat bade one fetch the minister. 'He understands things,' he muttered, 'and I misdoubt this. And see,' he

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cried after the messenger, 'that no word of it come to Mademoiselle !' Instinctively in the maiden home he reverted to the maiden title.

The messenger went, and came again bringing La Tribe, whose head rose above the staircase at the moment the envoy below came to a halt before the gate. Carlat signed to the minister to come forward; and La Tribe, after sniffing the salt air, and glancing at the long low misty shore and the stiff ugly shape which stood at the end of the causeway, looked down and met the envoy's eyes. For a moment no one spoke. Only the men who had remained on the gateway, and had watched the stranger's coming, breathed hard.

At last, 'I bear a message,' the man announced loudly and clearly, 'for the lady of Vrillac. Is she present ?'

'Give your message !' La Tribe replied.

'It is for her ears only.'

'Do you want to enter ?'

'No !' The man answered so hurriedly that more than one smiled. He had the bearing of a lay clerk of some precinct, a vergier or sacristan; and after a fashion the dress of one also, for he was in dusty black and wore no sword, though he was girded with a belt. 'No !' he repeated, 'but if Madame will come to the gate, and speak to me——'

'Madame has other fish to fry,' Carlat blurted out. 'Do you think that she has naught to do but listen to messages from a gang of bandits ?'

'If she does not listen she will repent it all her life !' the fellow answered hardily.

There was a pause while La Tribe considered the matter. In the end, 'From whom do you come ?' he asked.

'From His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor of Saumur,' the envoy answered glibly, 'and from my lord Bishop of Angers, him assisting by his Vicar; and from others gathered lawfully, who will as lawfully depart if their terms are accepted. Also from M. de Tignonville, a gentleman, I am told, of these parts, now in their hands and adjudged to die at sunset this day if the terms I bring be not accepted.'

There was a long silence on the gate. The men looked down fixedly; not a feature of one of them moved, for no one was surprised. 'Wherefore is he to die ?' La Tribe asked at last.

'For good cause shown.'

‘Wherefore?’

‘He is a Huguenot.’

The minister nodded. ‘And the terms?’ Carlat muttered.

‘Ay, the terms!’ La Tribe repeated, nodding afresh. ‘What are they?’

‘They are for madame’s ear only,’ the messenger made answer.

‘Then they will not reach it!’ Carlat broke forth in wrath. ‘So much for that! And for yourself, see you go quickly before we make a target of you!’

‘Very well, I go,’ the envoy answered sullenly. ‘But——’

‘But what?’ La Tribe cried, gripping Carlat’s shoulder to quiet him. ‘But what? Say what you have to say, man! Speak out, and have done with it!’

‘I will say it to her and to no other.’

‘Then you will not say it!’ Carlat cried again. ‘For you will not see her. So you may go. And the black fever in your vitals!’

‘Ay, go!’ La Tribe added more quietly.

The man turned away with a shrug of the shoulders, and moved off a dozen paces, watched by all on the gate with the same fixed attention. Then he paused; he returned. ‘Very well,’ he said, looking up with an ill grace. ‘I will do my office here, if I cannot come to her. But I hold also a letter from M. de Tignonville, and that I can deliver to no other hands than hers.’ He held it up as he spoke, a thin scrap of greyish paper, the fly-leaf of a missal perhaps. ‘See!’ he continued, ‘and take notice! If she does not get this, and learns when it is too late that it was offered——’

‘The terms,’ Carlat growled impatiently. ‘The terms! Come to them!’

‘You will have them?’ the man answered, nervously passing his tongue over his lips. ‘You will not let me see her, or speak to her privately?’

‘No.’

‘Then hear them. His Excellency is informed that one Hannibal de Tavannes, guilty of the detestable crime of sacrilege and of other gross crimes, has taken refuge here. He requires that the said Hannibal de Tavannes be handed to him for punishment, and, this being done before sunset this evening, he will yield to you free and uninjured the said M. de Tignonville, and will retire from the lands of Vrillac. But if you refuse’—

the man passed his eye along the line of attentive faces which fringed the battlement—‘he will at sunset hang the said Tignonville on the gallows raised for Tavannes, and will harry the demesne of Vrillac to its farthest border!’

There was a long silence on the gate. Some, their gaze still fixed on him, moved their lips as if they chewed. Others looked aside, met their fellows’ eyes in a pregnant glance, and slowly returned to him. But no one spoke. At his back the flush of dawn was flooding the east, and spreading and waxing brighter. The air was growing warm; the shore below, from grey, was turning green. In a minute or two the sun, whose glowing marge already peeped above the low hills of France, would top the horizon.

The man, getting no answer, shifted his feet uneasily. ‘Well,’ he cried, ‘what answer am I to take?’

Still no one moved.

‘I’ve done my part. Will no one give her the letter?’ he cried. And he held it up. ‘Give me my answer, for I am going.’

‘Take the letter,’ some one said—some one in the rear of the group; and turning swiftly Carlat saw the Countess standing beside the hood which covered the stairs. He guessed that she had heard all or nearly all; but the glory of the sunrise, shining full on her at that moment, lent a false warmth to her face, and life to eyes woefully and tragically set. And it was not easy to say whether she had heard all. ‘Take the letter,’ she repeated.

He looked helplessly over the parapet.

‘Go down!’

He cast a glance at La Tribe, but he got none in return, and he was preparing to do her bidding when a cry of dismay broke from those who still had their eyes bent downwards. The messenger, waving the letter in a last appeal, had held it too loosely; a light air, as treacherous as unexpected, had snatched it from his hand, and bore it—even as the Countess, drawn by the cry, sprang to the parapet—fifty paces from him. A moment it floated in the air, eddying, rising, falling; then, light as thistle-down, it touched the water and began to sink.

The messenger uttered frantic lamentations, and stamped the causeway in his rage. The Countess only looked, and looked, until the rippling crest of a baby wave broke over the tiny venture, and with its freight of tidings it sank from sight.

The man, silent now, stared a moment, then shrugged his

shoulders. 'Well, 'tis fortunate it was his,' he cried brutally, 'and not His Excellency's, or my back had suffered! And now,' he added impatiently, 'by your leave, what answer?'

What answer? Ah, God, what answer? The men who leant on the parapet, rude and coarse as they were, felt the tragedy of the question and the dilemma, guessed what they meant to her, and looked everywhere save at her. What answer? Which of the two was to live? Which die—shamefully? Which? Which?

'Tell him—to come back—an hour before sunset,' she muttered.

They told him and he went; and one by one the men began to go too, and stole from the roof, leaving her standing alone, her face to the shore, her hands resting on the parapet. The light breeze which blew off the land stirred loose ringlets of her hair, and flattened the thin robe against her sunlit figure. So had she stood a thousand times in old days, in her youth, in her maidenhood. So in her father's time had she stood to see her lover come riding along the sands to woo her! So had she stood to welcome him on the eve of that fatal journey to Paris! Thence had others watched her go with him. The men remembered—remembered all; and one by one they stole shamefacedly away, fearing lest she should speak or turn tragic eyes on them.

True, in their pity for her was no doubt of the end, or thought of the victim who must suffer—of Tavannes. They, of Poitou, who had not been with him, knew nothing of him; they cared as little. He was a northern man, a stranger, a man of the sword, who had seized her—so they heard—by the sword. But they saw that the burden of choice was laid on her; there, in her sight and in theirs, rose the gibbet, and, clowns as they were, they discerned the tragedy of her rôle, play it as she might, and though her act gave life to her lover.

When all had retired save three or four, she turned and saw these gathered at the head of the stairs in a ring about Carlat, who was addressing them in a low eager voice. She could not catch a syllable, but a look hard and almost cruel flashed into her eyes as she gazed; and raising her voice she called the steward to her. 'The bridge is up,' she said, her tone hard, 'but the gates? Are they locked?'

'Yes, Madame.'

'The wicket?'

'No, not the wicket.' And Carlat looked another way.

'Then go, lock it, and bring the keys to me!' she replied. 'Or stay!' Her voice grew harder, her eyes spiteful as a cat's. 'Stay, and be warned that you play me no tricks! Do you hear? Do you understand? Or old as you are, and long as you have served us, I will have you thrown from this tower, with as little pity as Isabeau flung her gallants to the fishes. I am still mistress here, never more mistress than this day. Woe to you if you forget it!'

He blenched and cringed before her, muttering incoherently.

'I know,' she said, 'I read you! And now the keys. Go, bring them to me! And if by chance I find the wicket unlocked when I come down, pray, Carlat, pray! For you will have need of prayers.'

He slunk away, the men with him; and she fell to pacing the roof feverishly. Now and then she extended her arms, and low cries broke from her, as from a dumb creature in pain. Wherever she looked, old memories rose up to torment her and redouble her misery. A thing she could have borne in the outer world, a thing which might have seemed tolerable in the reeking air of Paris or in the gloomy streets of Angers, wore here its most appalling aspect. Henceforth, whatever choice she made, this home, where even in those troublous times she had known naught but peace, must bear a damning stain! Henceforth this day and this hour must come between her and happiness, must brand her brow, and fix her with a deed of which men and women would tell while she lived! Oh, God—pray? Who said pray?

'I!' And La Tribe with tears in his eyes held out the keys to her. 'I, madame,' he continued solemnly, his voice broken with emotion. 'For in man is no help. The strongest man, he who rode yesterday a master of men, a very man of war in his pride and his valour—see him now, and——'

'Don't!' she cried, sharp pain in her voice. 'Don't!' And she stopped him with her hand, her face averted. After an interval 'You come from him?' she muttered faintly.

'Yes.'

'Is he—hurt to death, think you?' She spoke low, and kept her face hidden from him.

'Alas, no!' he answered, speaking the thought in his heart. 'The men who are with him seem confident of his recovery.'

'Do they know?'

'Badelon has had experience.'

'No, no. Do they know of this?' she cried. 'Of this!' And she pointed with a gesture of loathing to the black gibbet on the farther strand.

He shook his head. 'I think not,' he muttered. And after a moment, 'God help you!' he added fervently. 'God help and guide you, madame!'

She turned on him suddenly, fiercely. 'Is that all you can do?' she cried. 'Is that all the help you can give? You are a man. Go down, lead them out; drive off these cowards who drain our life's blood, who trade on a woman's heart! On them! Do something, anything, rather than lie in safety here—here!'

The minister shook his head sadly. 'Alas, madame!' he said, 'to sally were to waste life. They outnumber us three to one. If Count Hannibal could do no more than break through last night, with scarce a man unwounded——'

'He had the women!'

'And we have not him!'

'He would not have left us!' she cried hysterically.

'I believe it.'

'Had they taken me, do you think he would have lain behind walls? Or skulked in safety here, while—while——' Her voice failed her.

He shook his head despondently.

'And that is all you can do?' she cried, and turned from him, and to him again, extending her arms, in bitter scorn. 'All you will do? Do you forget that twice he spared your life? That in Paris once, and once in Angers, he held his hand? That always, whether he stood or whether he fled, he held himself between us and harm? Ay, always? And who will now raise a hand for him? Who?'

'Madame!'

'Who? Who? Had he died in the field,' she continued, her voice shaking with grief, her hands beating the parapet—for she had turned from him—'had he fallen where he rode last night, in the front, with his face to the foe, I had viewed him tearless, I had deemed him happy! I had prayed dry-eyed for him who—who spared me all these days and weeks! Whom I robbed and he forgave me! Whom I tempted, and he forbore me! Ay, and who spared not once or twice him for whom he must now—he must now——' And unable to finish the sentence she beat her hands again and passionately on the stones.

'Heaven knows, madame,' the minister cried vehemently, 'Heaven knows, I would advise you if I could.'

'Why did he wear his corselet?' she wailed, as if she had not heard him. 'Was there no spear could reach his breast, that he must come to this? No foe so gentle he would spare him this? Or why did *he* not die with me in Paris when we waited? In another minute death might have come and saved us this.'

With the tears running down his face he tried to comfort her. 'Man that is a shadow,' he said, 'passeth away—what matter how? A little while, a very little while, and we shall pass!'

'With his curse upon us!' she cried. And, shuddering, she pressed her hands to her eyes to shut out the sight her fancy pictured.

He went from her for a while, hoping that in solitude she might regain control of herself. When he returned he found her seated, her arms resting on the parapet-wall, her eyes bent steadily on the long stretch of hard sand which ran northward from the village. By that route her lover had many a time come to her; there she had ridden with him in the early days; and that way they had started for Paris on such a morning and at such an hour as this, with sunshine about them, and larks singing hope above the sand-dunes, and warm wavelets creaming to the horses' hoofs!

Of all which, La Tribe, a stranger, knew nothing. The rapt gaze, the unchanging attitude only confirmed his opinion of the course she would adopt. He was thankful to find her more composed; and in fear of such a scene as had already passed between them he stole quickly away again. He returned by-and-by, but with the greatest reluctance, and only because Carlat's urgency would take no refusal.

He came this time to crave the key of the wicket, explaining that—rather to satisfy his own conscience and the men than with any hope of success—he proposed to go halfway along the causeway, and thence by signs invite a conference. 'It is just possible,' he added, hesitating—he feared nothing so much as to raise hopes in her—'that by the offer of a money ransom, Madame——'

'Go,' she said, without turning her head. 'Offer what you please. But'—bitterly—'have a care of them! Montsoreau is very like Montereau! Beware of the bridge!'

He went and came again in half an hour. Then, indeed, though she had spoken as if hope was dead in her, she was on her

feet at the first sound of his tread on the stairs; her parted lips and her white face questioned him. He shook his head.

‘There is a priest,’ he said in broken tones, ‘with them, whom God will judge. It is his plan, and he is without mercy or pity.’

‘You bring nothing from—him?’

‘They will not suffer him to write again.’

‘You did not see him?’

‘No.’

CHAPTER XXXV.

AGAINST THE WALL.

IN a room beside the gateway, into which, as the nearest and most convenient place, Count Hannibal had been carried from his saddle, a man sat sideways in the narrow embrasure of a loophole, to which his eyes seemed glued. The room, which formed part of the oldest block of the château, and was ordinarily the quarters of the Carlats, possessed two other windows, deep-set indeed, yet superior to that through which Bigot—for he it was—peered so persistently. But the larger windows looked southwards, across the bay—at this moment the noon-high sun was pouring his radiance through them; while the object which held Bigot’s gaze and fixed him to his irksome seat, lay elsewhere. The loophole commanded the causeway leading shorewards; through it the Norman could see who came and went, and even the cross-beam of the ugly object which rose where the causeway touched the land.

On a flat truckle-bed behind the door lay Count Hannibal, his injured leg protected from the coverlid by a kind of cage. His eyes were bright with fever, and his untended beard and straggling hair heightened the wildness of his aspect. But he was in possession of his senses; and as his gaze passed from Bigot at the window to the old Free Companion, who sat on a stool beside him, engaged in shaping a piece of wood into a splint, an expression almost soft crept into his harsh face.

‘Old fool!’ he said. And his voice, though changed, had not lost all its strength and harshness. ‘Did the Constable need a splint when you laid him under the tower at Gaeta?’

The old man lifted his eyes from his task, and glanced through the nearest window. ‘It is long from noon to night,’ he said quietly, ‘and far from cup to lip, my lord!’

'It would be if I had two legs,' Tavannes answered, with a grimace, half snarl, half smile. 'As it is—where is that dagger?'

It had slipped from the coverlid to the ground. Badelon took it up, and set it on the bed within reach of his hand.

Bigot swore fiercely. 'It would be farther still,' he growled, 'if you would be guided by me, my lord. Give me leave to bar the door, and 'twill be long before these fisher clowns force it. Badelon and I——'

'Being in your full strength,' Count Hannibal murmured cynically.

'Could hold it. We have strength enough for that,' the Norman retorted, though his livid face and his bandages gave the lie to his words. He could not move without pain; and for Badelon, his knee was as big as two with plaisters of his own placing.

Count Hannibal stared at the ceiling. 'You could not strike two blows!' he said. 'Don't lie to me! And Badelon cannot walk two yards! Fine fighters!' he continued with bitterness, not all bitter. 'Fine bars 'twixt a man and death! No, it is time to turn the face to the wall. And, since go I must, it shall not be said Count Hannibal dared not go alone! Besides——'

Bigot stopped him with an oath that was in part a cry of pain. 'D——n her!' he exclaimed in fury, 'tis she is that *besides*! I know it. 'Tis she has been our ruin from the day we saw her first, ay, to this day! 'Tis she has bewitched you until your blood, my lord, has turned to water. Or you would never, to save the hand that betrayed us, never to save a man——'

'Silence!' Count Hannibal cried in a terrible voice. And rising on his elbow, he poised the dagger as if he would hurl it. 'Silence, or I will spit you like the vermin you are! Silence, and listen! And you, old ban-dog, listen too, for I know you obstinate! It is not to save him. It is because I will die as I have lived, fearing nothing and asking nothing! It were easy to bar the door as you would have me, and die in the corner here like a wolf at bay, biting to the last. That were easy, old wolf-hound! Pleasant and good sport!'

'Ay! That were a death!' the veteran cried, his eyes brightening. 'So I would fain die!'

'And I!' Count Hannibal returned, showing his teeth in a grim smile. 'I too! Yet I will not! I will not! Because so to

die were to die unwillingly, and give them triumph. Be dragged to death? No, old dog, if die we must, we will go to death! We will die grandly, highly, as becomes Tavannes! That when we are gone they may say, "There died a man!"

'*She* may say!' Bigot muttered scowling.

Count Hannibal heard and glared at him, but presently thought better of it, and after a pause 'Ay, she too!' he said. 'Why not? As we have played the game—for her—so, though we lose, we will play it to the end; nor because we lose throw down the cards! Besides, man, die in the corner, die biting, and he dies too!'

'And why not?' Bigot asked, rising in a fury. 'Why not? Whose work is it we lie here, snared by these clowns of fisherfolk? Who led us wrong and betrayed us? He die? Would the devil had taken him a year ago! Would he were within my reach now! I would kill him with my bare fingers! He die? And why not?'

'Why, because, fool, his death would not save me!' Count Hannibal answered coolly. 'If it would, he would die! But it will not; and we must even do again as we have done. I have spared him—he's a white-livered hound!—both once and twice, and we must go to the end with it since no better can be! I have thought it out, and it must be. Only see you, old dog, that I have the dagger hid in the splint where I can reach it. And then, when the exchange has been made, and my lady has her silk glove again—to put in her bosom!'—with a grimace and a sudden reddening of his harsh features—'if master priest come within reach of my arm, I'll send him before me, where I go.'

'Ay, ay!' said Badelon. 'And if you fail of your stroke I will not fail of mine! I shall be there, and I will see to it he goes! I shall be there!'

'You?'

'Ay, why not?' the old man answered quietly. 'I may halt on this leg for aught I know, and come to starve on crutches like old Claude Boiteux who was at the taking of Milan and now begs in the passage under the Châtelet.'

'Bah, man, you will get a new lord!'

Badelon nodded. 'Ay, a new lord with new ways!' he answered slowly and thoughtfully. 'And I am tired. They are of another sort, lords now, than they were when I was young. It was a word and a blow then. Now I am old, with most it is—"Old dog, your distance! You scent my lady!" Then they

rode, and hunted, and tilted year in and year out, and summer or winter heard the lark sing. Now they are curled, and paint themselves, and lie in silk and toy with ladies—who shamed to be seen at court or board when I was a boy—and love better to hear the mouse squeak than the lark sing.’

‘Still, if I give you my gold chain,’ Count Hannibal answered quietly, ‘’twill keep you from that.’

‘Give it to Bigot,’ the old man answered. The splint he was fashioning had fallen on his knees, and his eyes were fixed on the distance of his youth. ‘For me, my lord, I am tired, and I go with you. I go with you. It is a good death to die biting before the strength be quite gone. Have the dagger too, if you please, and I’ll fit it within the splint right neatly. But I shall be there—’

‘And you’ll strike home?’ Tavannes cried eagerly. He raised himself on his elbow, a gleam of joy in his gloomy eyes.

‘Have no fear, my lord. See, does it tremble?’ He held out his hand. ‘And when you are sped, I will try the Spanish stroke—upwards with a turn ere you withdraw, that I learned from Ruiz—on the shaven-pate. I see them about me now!’ the old man continued, his face flushing, his form dilating. ‘It will be odd if I cannot snatch a sword and hew down three to go with Tavannes! And Bigot, he will see my lord the Marshal by-and-by; and as I do to the priest, the Marshal will do to Montsoreau. Ho! ho! He will teach him the *coup de Jarnac*, never fear!’ And the old man’s moustaches curled up ferociously.

Count Hannibal’s eyes sparkled with joy. ‘Old dog!’ he cried—and he held his hand to the veteran, who brushed it reverently with his lips—‘we will go together then! Who touches my brother, touches Tavannes!’

‘Touches Tavannes!’ Badelon cried, the glow of battle lighting his bloodshot eyes. He rose to his feet. ‘Touches Tavannes! You mind at Jarnac—’

‘Ah! At Jarnac!’

‘When we charged their horse, was my boot a foot from yours, my lord?’

‘Not a foot!’

‘And at Dreux,’ the old man continued with a proud elated gesture, ‘when we rode down the German pikemen—they were grass before us, leaves on the wind, thistle-down—was it not I who covered your bridle-hand, and swerved not in the *mêlée*?’

'It was! It was!'

'And at St. Quentin, when we fled before the Spaniard—it was his day, you remember, and cost us dear——'

'Ay, I was young then,' Tavannes cried in turn, his eyes glistening. 'St. Quentin! It was the tenth of August. And you were new with me, and seized my rein——'

'And we rode off together, my lord—of the last, of the last, as God sees me! And striking as we went, so that they left us for easier game.'

'It was so, good sword! I remember it as if it had been yesterday!'

'And at Cerisoles, the Battle of the Plain, in the old Spanish wars, that was most like a joust of all the pitched fields I ever saw—at Cerisoles, where I caught your horse? You mind me? It was in the shock when we broke Guasto's line——'

'At Cerisoles?' Count Hannibal muttered slowly. 'Why, man, I——'

'I caught your horse, and mounted you afresh? You remember, my lord? And at Landriano, where Leyva turned the tables on us again.'

Count Hannibal stared. 'Landriano?' he muttered bluntly. 'Twas in '29, forty years ago and more! My father, indeed——'

'And at Rome—at Rome, my lord? *Mon Dieu!* in the old days at Rome! When the Spanish company scaled the wall—Ruiz was first, I next—was it not my foot you held? And was it not I who dragged you up, while the devils of Swiss pressed us hard? Ah, those were days, my lord! I was young then, and you, my lord, young too, and handsome as the morning——'

'You rave!' Tavannes cried, staring. 'Rome? You rave, old man! Why, I was not born in those days. My father even was a boy! It was in '27 you sacked it—five-and-forty years ago!'

The old man passed his hands over his heated face, and, as a man roused suddenly from sleep looks, he looked round the room. The light died out of his eyes—as a light blown out in a room; his form seemed to shrink, even while the others gazed at him, and he sat down. 'No, I remember,' he muttered slowly. 'It was Prince Philibert of Chalons, my lord of Orange.'

'Dead these forty years!'

'Ay, dead these forty years! All dead!' the old man whispered, gazing at his gnarled hand, and opening and shutting it by turns. 'And I grow childish! 'Tis time, high time,

I followed them! It trembles now; but have no fear, my lord, this hand will not tremble then. All dead! Ay, all dead!’

He sank into a mournful silence; and Tavannes, after gazing at him awhile in rough pity, fell to his own meditations, which were gloomy enough. The day was beginning to wane, and with the downward turn, though the sun still shone brightly through the southern windows, a shadow seemed to fall across his thoughts. They no longer rioted in a turmoil of defiance as in the forenoon. In its turn, sober reflection marshalled the past before his eyes. The hopes of a life, the ambitions of a life, moved in sombre procession, and things done and things left undone, the sovereignty which Nostradamus had promised, the faces of men he had spared and of men he had not spared—and the face of one woman.

She would not now be his. He had played highly, and he would lose highly, playing the game to the end, that to-morrow she might think of him highly. Had she begun to think of him at all? In the chamber of the inn at Angers he had fancied a change in her, an awakening to life and warmth, a shadow of turning to him. It had pleased him to think so, at any rate. It pleased him still to imagine—of this he was more confident—that in the time to come, when she was Tignonville’s, she would think of him secretly and kindly. She would remember him, and in her thoughts and in her memory he would grow to the heroic, even as the man she had chosen would shrink as she learned to know him.

It pleased him, that. It was almost all that was left to please him—that, and to die proudly as he had lived. But as the day wore on, and the room grew hot and close, and the pain in his thigh became more grievous, the frame of his mind altered. A sombre rage was born and grew in him, and a passion fierce and ill suppressed. To end thus, with nothing done, nothing accomplished of all his hopes and ambitions! To die thus, crushed in a corner by a mean priest and a rabble of spearmen, he who had seen Dreux and Jarnac, had defied the King, and dared to turn the St. Bartholomew to his ends! To die thus, and leave her to that puppet! Strong man as he was, of a strength of will surpassed by few, it taxed him to the utmost to lie and make no sign. Once, indeed, he raised himself on his elbow with something between an oath and a snarl, and he seemed about to speak. So that Bigot came hurriedly to him.

‘My lord?’

‘Water!’ he said. ‘Water, fool!’ And, having drunk, he

turned his face to the wall, lest he should name her or ask for her. For the desire to see her before he died, to look into her eyes, to touch her hand once, only once, assailed his mind and all but whelmed his will. She had been with him, he knew it, in the night; she had left him only at daybreak. But then, in his state of collapse, he had been hardly conscious of her presence. Now to ask for her or to see her would stamp him coward, say what he might to her. The proverb, that the King's face gives grace, applied to her; and an overture on his side could mean but one thing, that he sought her grace. And that he would not do though the cold waters of death whelmed him more and more, and the coming of the end—in that quiet chamber, while the September sun sank to the appointed place—awoke wild longings and a wild rebellion in his breast. His thoughts were very bitter as he lay, his loneliness of the uttermost. He turned his face to the wall.

In that posture he slept after a time, watched over by Bigot with looks of rage and pity. And on the room fell a long silence. The sun had lacked three hours of setting when he fell asleep. When he reopened his eyes, and, after lying for a few minutes between sleep and waking, became conscious of his position, of the day, of the things which had happened, and his helplessness—an awakening which wrung from him an involuntary groan—the light in the room was still strong, and even bright. He fancied for a moment that he had merely dozed off and awaked again; and he continued to lie with his face to the wall, courting a return of slumber. But sleep did not come, and little by little, as he lay listening and thinking and growing more restless, he got the fancy that he was alone. The light fell brightly on the wall to which his face was turned; how could that be if Bigot's broad shoulders still blocked the loophole? Presently, to assure himself, he called the man by name. He got no answer.

'Badelon!' he muttered. 'Badelon!'

Had he gone too, the old and faithful? It seemed so, for again no answer came.

He had been accustomed all his life to instant service; to see the act follow the word ere the word ceased to sound. And nothing which had gone before, nothing which he had suffered since his defeat at Angers, had brought him to feel his impotence and his position—and that the end of his power was indeed come—as sharply as this. The blood rushed to his head, almost

the tears to eyes which had not shed them since boyhood, and would not shed them now, weak as he was! He rose on his elbow and looked with a full heart; it was as he had fancied. Badelon's stool was empty; the embrasure—that was empty too. Through its narrow outlet he had a tiny view of the shore and the low rocky hill, of which the summit shone warm in the last rays of the setting sun.

The setting sun! Ay, for the lower part of the hill was growing cold; the shore at its foot was grey. Then he had slept long, and the time was come. He drew a deep breath and listened. But on all within and without lay silence, a silence marked, rather than broken, by the dull fall of a wave on the causeway. The day had been calm, but with the sunset a light breeze was rising.

He set his teeth hard, and continued to listen. An hour before sunset was the time they had named for the exchange. What did it mean? In five minutes the sun would be below the horizon; already the zone of warmth on the hillside was moving and retreating upwards. And Bigot and old Badelon? Why had they left him while he slept? An hour before sunset! Why, the room was growing grey, grey and dark in the corners, and—what was that?

He started, so violently that he jarred his leg, and the pain wrung a groan from him. At the foot of the bed, overlooked until then, a woman lay prone on the floor, her face resting on her outstretched arms. She lay without motion, her head and her clasped hands towards the loophole, her thick clubbed hair hiding her neck. A woman! Count Hannibal stared, and, fancying he dreamed, closed his eyes, then looked again. It was no phantasm. It was the Countess; it was his wife!

He drew a deep breath, but he did not speak, though the colour rose slowly to his cheek. And slowly his eyes devoured her from head to foot, from the hands lying white in the light below the window to the shod feet; unchecked he took his fill of that which he had so much desired—the seeing her! A woman prone, with all of her hidden but her hands: a hundred acquainted with her would not have known her. But he knew her, and would have known her from a hundred, nay from a thousand, by her hands alone.

What was she doing here, and in this guise? He pondered; then he looked from her for an instant and saw that while he had gazed at her the sun had set, the light had passed from the top of the hill; the world without and the room within were growing

cold. Was that the cause she no longer lay quiet? He saw a shudder run through her, and a second; then it seemed to him—or was he going mad?—that she moaned, and prayed in half-heard words, and, wrestling with herself, beat her forehead on her arms, and then was still again, as still as death. By the time the paroxysm had passed, the last flush of sunset had faded from the sky, and the hills were growing dark.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HIS KINGDOM.

COUNT HANNIBAL could not have said why he did not speak to her at once. But, warned by an instinct vague and ill understood, he remained silent, his eyes riveted on her, until she rose from the floor. A moment later she met his gaze, and he looked to see her start. Instead she stood quiet and very thoughtful, regarding him with a kind of sad solemnity, as if she saw not him only, but the dead; while first one tremor and then a second shook her frame.

At length 'It is over!' she whispered. 'Patience, monsieur; have no fear, I will be brave. But I must give a little to him.'

'To him!' Count Hannibal muttered, his face extraordinarily pale.

She smiled with an odd passionateness. 'Who was my lover!' she cried, her voice a-thrill. 'Who will ever be my lover, though I have denied him, though I have left him to die! It was just. He who has so tried me knows it was just! He whom I have sacrificed—he knows it too, now! But it is hard to be—just,' with a quivering smile. 'You who take all may give him a little, may pardon me a little, may have—patience!'

Count Hannibal uttered a strangled cry, between a moan and a roar. A moment he beat the coverlid with his hands in impotence. Then he sank back on the bed. 'Water!' he muttered. 'Water!' She fetched it hurriedly, and, raising his head on her arm, held it to his lips. He drank, and lay back again with closed eyes. He lay so still and so long that she thought that he had fainted; but after a pause he spoke. 'You have done that?' he whispered, 'you have done that?'

'Yes,' she answered, shuddering. 'God forgive me! I have done that! I had to do that, or——'

'And is it too late—to undo it?'

‘It is too late.’ A sob choked her voice.

Tears—tears incredible, unnatural—welled from under Count Hannibal’s closed eyelids, and rolled sluggishly down his harsh cheek to the edge of his beard. ‘I would have gone,’ he muttered. ‘If you had spoken, I would have spared you this.’

‘I know,’ she answered unsteadily; ‘the men told me.’

‘And yet——’

‘It was just. And you are my husband,’ she replied. ‘More, I am the captive of your sword, and as you spared me in your strength, my lord, I spared you in your weakness.’

‘Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu, madame!’ he cried, ‘at what a cost!’

And that arrested, that touched her in the depths of her grief and her horror; even while the gibbet on the causeway, which had burned itself into her eyeballs, hung before her. For she knew that it was the cost to *her* he was counting. She knew that for himself he had ever held life cheap, that he could have seen Tignonville suffer without a qualm. And the thoughtfulness for her, the value he placed on a thing—even on a rival’s life—because it was dear to her, touched her home, moved her as few things could have moved her at that moment. She saw it of a piece with all that had gone before, with all that had passed between them, since that fatal Sunday in Paris. But she made no sign. More than she had said she would not say; words of love, even of reconciliation, had no place on her lips while he whom she had sacrificed awaited his burial.

And meantime the man beside her lay and found it incredible. ‘It was just,’ she had said. And he knew it; Tignonville’s folly—that and that only had led them into the snare and caused his own capture. But what had justice to do with the things of this world? In his experience, the strong hand—that was justice in France; and possession—that was law. By the strong hand he had taken her, and by the strong hand she might have freed herself.

And she had not. There was the incredible thing. She had chosen instead to do justice! It passed belief. Opening his eyes on a silence which had lasted some minutes, a silence rendered more solemn by the lapping water without, Tavannes saw her kneeling in the dusk of the chamber, her head bowed over his couch, her face hidden in her hands. He knew that she prayed, and feebly he judged it to be a dream. No scene akin to it had had place in his life; and, weakened and in pain, he prayed that the vision might last for ever, that he might never awake.

But by-and-by, wrestling with the dread thought of what she had done, and the horror which would return upon her by fits and spasms, she flung out a hand, and it fell on him. He started, and the movement, jarring the broken limb, wrung from him a cry of pain. She looked up and was going to speak, when a scuffling of feet under the gateway arch, and a confused sound of several voices raised at once, arrested the words on her lips. She rose to her feet and listened. Dimly he could see her face through the dusk. Her eyes were on the door, and she breathed quickly.

A moment or two passed in this way, and then from the hurly-burly in the gateway the footsteps of two men detached themselves and came nearer and nearer. They stopped without. A gleam of light shone under the door, and some one knocked.

She went to the door, and, withdrawing the bar, stepped quickly back to the bedside, where for an instant the light borne by those who entered blinded her. Then, above the lantern, the faces of La Tribe and Bigot broke upon her, and their shining eyes told her that they bore good news. And it was well, for the men seemed tongue-tied. The minister's fluency was gone; he was very pale, and it was Bigot who in the end spoke for both. He stepped forward, and, kneeling, kissed her cold hand.

'My lady,' he said, 'you have gained all, and lost nothing. Blessed be God!'

'Blessed be God!' the minister wept. And from the passage without came the sound of laughter and weeping and many voices, with a flutter of lights and flying skirts, and women's feet.

She stared at him wildly, doubtfully, her hand at her throat. 'What?' she said, 'he is not dead—M. de Tignonville?'

'No, he is alive,' La Tribe answered, 'he is alive.' And he lifted up his hands as if he gave thanks.

'Alive?' she cried. 'Alive! Oh, Heaven is merciful! You are sure? You are sure?'

'Sure, Madame, sure. He was not in their hands. He was dismounted in the first shock, it seems, and, coming to himself presently, crept away and reached St. Gilles, and came hither in a boat. But the enemy learned that he had not entered with us, and of this the priest wove his snare. Blessed be God, who put it into your heart to escape it!'

The Countess stood motionless and with closed eyes, pressed her hands to her temples. Once she swayed as if she would fall her length, and Bigot sprang forward to support and save her. But

she opened her eyes at that, sighed very deeply, and seemed to recover herself.

‘You are sure?’ she said faintly. ‘It is no trick?’

‘No, madame, it is no trick,’ La Tribe answered. ‘M. de Tignonville is alive, and here.’

‘Here!’ She started at the word. The colour fluttered in her cheek. ‘But the keys,’ she murmured. And she passed her hand across her brow. ‘I thought—that I had them.’

‘He has not entered,’ the minister answered, ‘for that reason. He is waiting at the postern, where he landed. He came, hoping to be of use to you.’

She paused a moment, and when she spoke again her aspect had undergone a subtle change. Her head was high, a flush had risen to her cheeks, her eyes were bright. ‘Then,’ she said, addressing La Tribe, ‘do you, monsieur, go to him, and pray him in my name to retire to St. Gilles, if he can do so without peril. He has no place here—now; and if he can go safely to his home it will be well that he do so. Add, if you please, that Madame de Tavannes thanks him for his offer of aid, but in her husband’s house she needs no other protection.’

Bigot’s eyes sparkled with joy.

The minister hesitated. ‘No more, madame?’ he faltered. He was tender-hearted, and Tignonville was of his people.

‘No more,’ she said gravely, bowing her head. ‘It is not M. de Tignonville I have to thank, but Heaven’s mercy, that I do not stand here at this moment unhappy as I entered—a woman accursed, to be pointed at while I live. And the dead’—she pointed solemnly through the dark casement to the shore—‘the dead lie there.’

La Tribe went.

She stood a moment in thought, and then took the keys from the rough stone window-ledge on which she had laid them when she entered. As the cold iron touched her fingers she shuddered. The contact awoke again the horror and misery in which she had groped, a lost thing, when she had last felt that chill.

‘Take them,’ she said; and she gave them to Bigot. ‘Until my lord can leave his couch they will remain in your charge, and you will answer for all to him. Go, now, take the light; and in half an hour send Madame Carlat to me.’

A wave broke heavily on the causeway and ran down seething to the sea; and another and another, filling the room with

rhythmical thunders. But the voice of the sea was no longer the same in the darkness where the Countess knelt in silence beside the bed—knelt, her head bowed on her clasped hands, as she had knelt before, but with a mind how different, with what different thoughts! Count Hannibal could see her head but dimly, for the light shed upwards by the spume of the sea fell only on the rafters. But he knew she was there, and he would fain, for his heart was full, have laid his hand on her hair.

And yet he would not. He would not, out of pride. Instead he bit on his harsh beard, and lay looking upward to the rafters, waiting what would come. He who had held her at his will now lay at hers, and waited. He who had spared her life at a price now took his own a gift at her hands, and bore it.

'Afterwards, Madame de Tavnnes—'

His mind went back by some chance to those words—the words he had neither meant nor fulfilled. It passed from them to the marriage and the blow; to the scene in the meadow beside the river; to the last ride between La Flèche and Angers—the ride during which he had played with her fears and hugged himself on the figure he would make on the morrow. The figure? Alas! of all his plans for dazzling her had come—*this!* Angers had defeated him, a priest had worsted him. In place of releasing Tignonville after the fashion of Bayard and the Paladins, and in the teeth of snarling thousands, he had come near to releasing him after another fashion and at his own expense. Instead of dazzling her by his mastery and winning her by his magnanimity, he lay here, owing her his life, and so weak, so broken, that the tears of childhood welled up in his eyes.

Out of the darkness a hand, cool and firm, slid into his, clasped it tightly, drew it to warm lips, carried it to a woman's bosom. 'My lord,' she murmured, 'I was the captive of your sword, and you spared me. Him I loved you took and spared him too—not once or twice. Angers, also, and my people you would have saved for my sake. And you thought I could do this! Oh! shame, shame!' But her hand held his always.

'You loved him,' he muttered.

'Yes, I loved him,' she answered slowly and thoughtfully. 'I loved him.' And she fell silent a minute. Then, 'And I feared you,' she added, her voice low. 'Oh, how I feared you—and hated you!'

'And now?'

'I do not fear him,' she answered, smiling in the darkness.

'Nor hate him. And for you, my lord, I am your wife and must do your bidding, whether I will or no. I have no choice.'

He was silent.

'Is that not so?' she asked.

He tried weakly to withdraw his hand.

But she clung to it. 'I must bear your blows or your kisses. I must be as you will and do as you will, and go happy or sad, lonely or with you, as you will! As you will, my lord! For I am your chattel, your property, your own. Have you not told me so?'

'But your heart,' he cried fiercely, 'is his! Your heart, which you told me in the meadow could never be mine!'

'I lied,' she murmured, laughing tearfully, and her hands hovered over him. 'It has come back! And it is on my lips.'

And she leant over and kissed him. And Count Hannibal knew that he had entered into his kingdom, the sovereignty of a woman's heart.

An hour later there was a stir in the village on the mainland. Lanterns began to flit to and fro. Sulkily men were saddling and preparing for the road. It was far to Challans, farther to Lège—more than one day, and many a weary league to Ponts de Cé and the Loire. The men who had ridden gaily southwards on the scent of spoil and revenge turned their backs on the castle with many a sullen oath and word. They burned a hovel or two, and stripped such as they spared, after the fashion of the day; and it had gone ill with the peasant woman who fell into their hands. Fortunately, under cover of the previous night every soul had escaped from the village, some to sea, and the rest to take shelter among the sand-dunes; and as the troopers rode up the path from the beach, and through the green valley, where their horses shied from the bodies of the men they had slain, there was not an eye to see them go.

Or to mark the man who rode last, the man of the white face—scarred on the temple—and the burning eyes, who paused on the brow of the hill, and, before he passed beyond, cursed with quivering lips the foe who had escaped him. The words were lost, as soon as spoken, in the murmur of the sea on the causeway; the sea, fit emblem of the Eternal, which rolled its tide regardless of blessing or cursing, good or ill will, nor spared one jot of ebb or flow because a puny creature had spoken to the night.

THE END.

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In response to messages by telephone received on the 15th Feb., 1900, while a whole gale was blowing from S. by W., the reserve Life-boat, temporarily placed at this station, was launched at 10.30 p.m. Terrific seas were breaking on the beach; in fact, they are stated to have been the heaviest ever witnessed on this coast, and they extended as far outward as the eye could see, but the Life-boatmen did not hesitate one moment, and after gallantly crossing the shoals encountered a tremendous sea in crossing Sizewell Bank to reach the spot where the vessel had been reported in distress. Nothing, however, could be seen owing to the blinding rain and sleet, so the boat anchored just inside the bank and burned lights. She received no reply until about 4 a.m., when two rockets were sent up about half a mile northward. Proceeding in that direction, the Life-boatmen found the s.s. *Hylton*, of London, riding in a very dangerous position in five fathoms of water, having lost her rudder and propeller. The master stated that the vessel had been aground on Sizewell Bank, and those on board, twenty-one men in all, had had a fearful experience, the seas breaking clean over the ship, washing the hatches off and smashing the starboard life-boat. The weather moderating, the Life-boat left two of her crew on board the steamer, proceeded to Lowestoft, and having secured the services of steam-tugs returned with them, and the vessel was towed to Gravesend, the Life-boat accompanying her.

On the 4th October the Aldeburgh Life-boat was again called out for service. At 12.41 p.m. a telephone message was received from the Shipwash Light-vessel, stating that a large barque was aground on the sands. A strong gale was blowing from the south at the time, accompanied by a very heavy sea and heavy rain squalls. The Life-boat was manned and launched, and having been hauled, by means of the haul-off warp, through the heavy breakers on the inner shoal, sail was made. Afterwards the s.s. *Minerva*, of Hamburg, was hailed, and her master, Captain H. von Spreckelsen, thereupon stopped the steamer and very kindly took the boat in tow until she was in a position to reach the stranded vessel. She was lying near the middle buoy, with signals of distress flying, and the seas were breaking over her fore and aft. The Life-boat proceeded towards her through the heavy breakers, and, having anchored, veered down to her by means of the cable, of which about eighty fathoms were paid out. Two gallant attempts to get alongside were made by the Life-boatmen, but the vessel was lying in a bad position, and afforded no shelter whatever for the boat. At first the vessel was lying with her stern towards the sea, but afterwards she turned completely round with her head towards the breakers. These attempts proved futile, but their third endeavour was successful, and the vessel's crew were found to have life-belts on, ready to jump into the Life-boat. Watching his opportunities, the coxswain successfully got all the men, eleven in number, on board, but in spite of all precautions the mate had a somewhat narrow escape. He fell between the ship and the boat, but was promptly grasped by some of the Life-boatmen and was dragged into the boat, fortunately with no more serious injury than a bruised hand and thigh. The vessel, which was the barque *Antares*, from Carlskrona, for London, with deals, was by this time full of water and apparently beginning to break up. The Life-boat at once made sail for home, and arrived at 7.30 p.m. with the rescued men, all of whom were greatly exhausted, the greater number of them having to be led up the beach to the nearest hotel, where their wants were attended to.

The following paragraph appeared in the *East Anglian Times* of the 6th October:—

The master of the German barque *Antares*, which was wrecked on the Shipwash Sand on Thursday, passed through Ipswich on Friday morning on his way to Harwich. He spoke with grateful admiration of the manner in which he and the crew of ten men were rescued by the Aldeburgh Life-boat, and dictated and signed the following letter:—

"SIR,—I wish, through your columns, to record our heartfelt thanks to the Aldeburgh Life-boat for the splendid service they rendered to us on Thursday afternoon. There was a terrific sea running over the Shipwash Sand on which we stranded, and coxswain Cable had to sail right through the breakers to get alongside our ship. The waves were breaking right over the ship, fore and aft, and it was a difficult and dangerous task to get us off. The coxswain and crew stuck to their work, however, and saved our lives, for which I wish now to express the deep gratitude and thankfulness that we now feel.
(Signed) "A. WAHDEL."

An extra reward was granted by the Institution to the coxswain and crew of the Life-boat for their services on this occasion, and a letter of thanks was sent to the captain of the s.s. *Minerva* for the assistance so kindly rendered by him.

In recognition of the gallant services rendered by Mr. James Cable, coxswain of the Aldeburgh Life-boat, on these two occasions, the Institution's silver third service clasp was awarded him, he already possessing the silver medal and second service clasp presented to him for gallantry on previous occasions. Appointed to the office of coxswain in January 1888, he has had charge of the Life-boat on more than twenty occasions of service and has assisted in the rescue of two hundred and sixty-nine lives.

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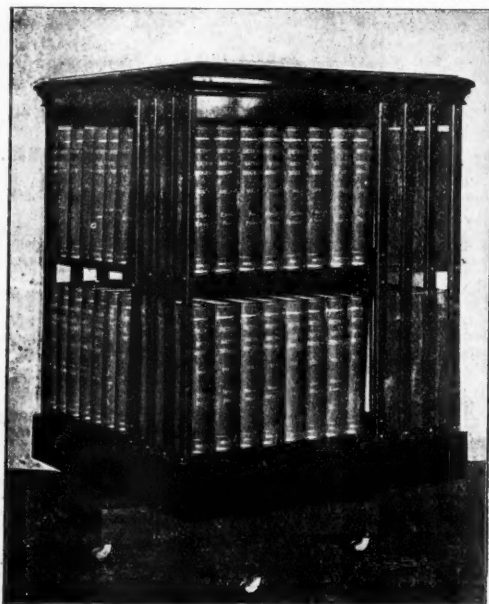
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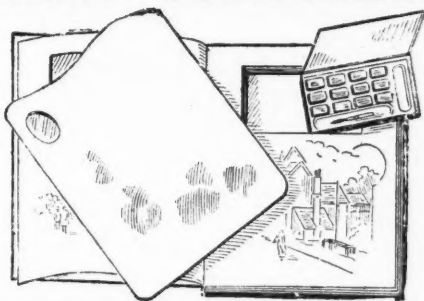
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